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The Nantucket Scrap Basket

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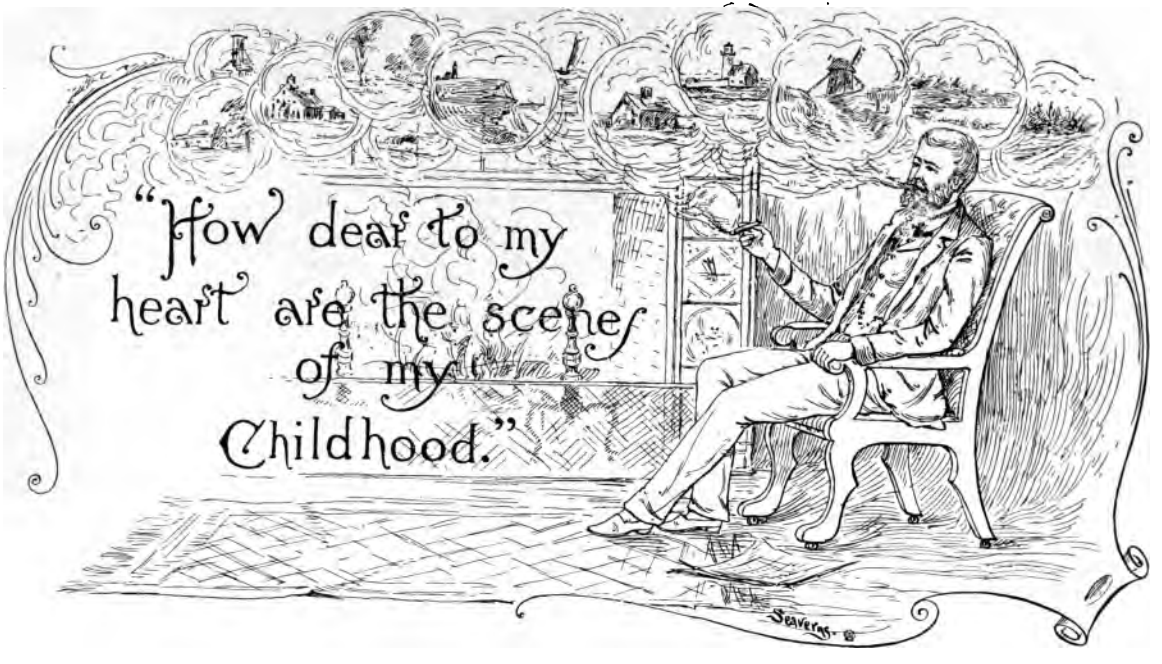
"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my Childhood."
SEAVEY

THE NANTUCKET SCRAP BASKET

Being a Collection of Characteristic Stories and Sayings of the People of the Town and Island of Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Compiled, Edited and Arranged by

WILLIAM F. MACY and ROLAND B. HUSSEY

and published for the benefit of

"THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NANTUCKET"

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Foreword.

IT has long been the wish of all those who are interested in Nantucket's past that some of the many good stories and anecdotes of the place and its people, as well as some of the quaint and characteristic sayings and idioms of the islanders, might be collected, arranged and preserved in some permanent form.

The publication of this book came about in a rather curious way. Each of the two compilers, largely as a labor of love, had long been collecting material of this nature, with no very definite purpose in view other than a vague hope that, at some time and in some way, the collection might perhaps be printed.

In the fall of 1915 the one who resides at Nantucket wrote to the other in Boston that he was making such a collection, and asking that he might have access to the "Scrap Basket," which has long been a feature of the reunions of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket, held in Boston each autumn for the past twenty-odd years. After some little correspondence it was mutually agreed that the two should collaborate in the preparation of a volume, which, using the material contributed to the Scrap Basket since its inception, as a nucleus, should be published for the benefit of the Sons and Daughters, under the title of "The Nantuck-

et Scrap Basket." The compilers have no apology to offer for the result, but a few words of explanation may not be amiss.

First, we recognize that the collection is far from complete. The field is unlimited, and if every "scrap" it would be possible to obtain were included, the first old-time Nantucketer who read the book would be reminded of many others which the compilers had overlooked or had never heard of. No attempt has been made, therefore, to cover all the ground. On the contrary, the mass of available material has been carefully sifted with the idea of eliminating much that, for one reason or another, it was thought best not to use. We admit that the sieve was of a rather large mesh, and that much went through. Other compilers might have left out much that we put in or put in much that we have left out—either or both. We have used our best judgment, having in mind the limitations of time, space and expense. But the result is not final. A scrap basket is never full; it may be added to or subtracted from, and if the work meets with the approval and the sale which, in our more sanguine moments, we hope for it, future editions may contain many of the stories of which some of those in this book may remind its readers. We earnestly solicit such contributions for preservation and future use if opportunity offers.

To many Nantucketers we know that most of these stories are far from new. Many have heard them from childhood, till, by frequent repetition and long familiarity, they have lost point and become "chestnuts." To such we extend our sympathy, only hoping we may

have unearthed some few which they have not heard, and suggesting that they skip the others, remembering, however, that to many readers most of the stories will be new. If the present generation fails to appreciate our efforts, we must look to posterity, which cannot fail to accord them some merit; for it is a fact that these things are passing; much that was well worth preserving has already been lost, perhaps irretrievably, and it is high time some attempt was made to save what is left.

Many of the stories must, perforce, lose much of their flavor and point when separated from their proper surroundings and set down in cold type; they need the characteristic environment, the unique personality of the narrator, and that vague something which we call "atmosphere" to be appreciated at their full value. Moreover, it is always a risk to bring too many quaint or amusing anecdotes together in a printed collection, for many of them lose rather than gain by proximity and contrast each with the other. But we take those chances in the confidence that the reader's imagination may supply some at least of what we realize is lacking.

We have attempted to classify and arrange the stories and sayings under different chapter headings, but it will be readily understood that many of them might appear under any one of several heads, since they partake in some measure of the characteristics of each; so we have considered, in this connection, what seemed to be the salient or distinctive feature of each in ac-

cording a place to it, and we trust the result will not be altogether disappointing.

With this preliminary "slushing of the ways," we launch our little venture, bearing in mind always that "it takes one voyage to learn."

William F. Macy,
Roland B. Hussey.

Chapter I.

INTRODUCTORY.

PERHAPS no better introduction to this collection of Nantucket stories and sayings could be selected than those oft-quoted (and quite as oft-misquoted) doggerel verses which purport to set forth the characteristics of some of the old island families. Their authorship, though somewhat obscure, is usually attributed to one Phineas Fanning, a man of some parts, who resided on Nantucket in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and who married, in 1777, Keziah, a daughter of John and Keziah (Folger) Coffin. The verses are as follows:

The Rays and Russells coopers are;
The knowing Folgers lazy;
A learned Coleman very rare,
And scarce an honest* Hussey.

The Coffins noisy, fractious, loud,
The silent Gardners plodding,
The Mitchells good, the Barkers proud,
The Macys eat the pudding.

The Swains are swinish, clownish called;
The Barnards very civil;
The Starbucks they are loud to bawl;
The Pinkhams beat the devil.

*"Learned" in some versions.

Someone has said, "All generalizations are open to criticism, even this one," and as these lines are sim-

ply a series of generalizations, it is not to be presumed that they were ever meant to be taken seriously.

We certainly know that members of the Ray and Russell families followed other trades than that of coopering, Folgers were not infrequently more industrious than erudite, Colemans did sometimes acquire learning, Husseys were faithful in positions of trust, Coffins were on occasion quiet and Gardners vociferous, and so on through the list; though it may well be that the most conspicuous representatives of the respective names to the eye and mind of the rhymster at the time answered to the descriptions he applied to the clan as a whole. Perhaps the most comfortable assumption, for those of us who claim descent from any of the families enumerated, is that Phineas spoke truly only when he ascribed virtues to our ancestors, while in all other cases he was, let us say, mistaken.

A well-authenticated story comes down to us from early in the nineteenth century, wherein it is told that a Nantucket woman, on her departure for a visit with relatives in Brooklyn, was entrusted with a message from an elderly island dame to a cousin of the latter who lived "somewhere on Long Island." The parting injunction was: "Thee has Pinkham enough in thee to remember it, Coffin enough to relate it, and if the Gardner does not predominate, Mehitable will hear from me." This would seem to confirm at least the Coffin reputation for loquacity and that of the Gardners for reserve. As for the Pinkhams, since they "beat the devil," they might well be credited with long memories.

Apropos, we recall the deposition of a venerable clergyman who spoke at one of the reunions of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket a few years ago, to the effect that upon his betrothal to a fair daughter of the island a half-century before, his prospective father-in-law gave him warning of what he might expect in these words: "My daughter, sir, has in her veins some of the blood of all the original settlers of Nantucket, and a queerer lot God never made!"

Dr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, author of "Nantucket: A History," in an interesting chapter on "Quaint Nantucketers," says: "They were a peculiar people, differing from others in manners and customs from the reaction of their environment. . . . . It is from them have been transmitted those bright attributes of intelligence and character which distinguish Nantucketers the world over, and which, often above the average and occasionally tending toward eccentricity, are always forcible and ever individualistic. . . . . Inherent humor is always a prominent characteristic of a Nantucketer, and in almost every case it is closely associated either with the sea or the gray fraternity of Friends, and in accordance with the elements of both as blent in his character. . . . . A people distinguished by certain characteristics which are apparent to every 'off-islander' during five minutes' conversation. Unconventional or eccentric might describe their idiosyncrasies, but quaintness is more expressive, and delightfully quaint they are."

Many other writers and observers bear testimony to these characteristics and peculiarities of the island-

ers, and most visitors who come in contact with them are similarly impressed; so that it would seem that there must be "something in it," and that as a people we are, consciously or unconsciously, a little wittier, a little quainter, or, it may be, only a little queerer than other folks. Perhaps the net result is a combination of all these qualities in varying proportions, intensified and accentuated by our isolation from the rest of the world, and by several generations of in-breeding—both of which, as is well known, tend to the development in a high degree of racial and family traits.

The attitude of the average Nantucketer toward this charge, if such it can be called, is one of amusement and complacency, tinged perhaps at times with a slight resentment that anyone should consider the matter worthy of note. Recognizing the fact that he couldn't be different if he would, he is equally sure that he wouldn't be if he could. And there's an end on't. Certain it is, however, that Nantucket has produced many unusual and unique "characters," some of great and others of less ability, but in any case distinctive and quite unlike any others to be met elsewhere.

As Dr. Lithgow, in the passage quoted, has observed, the two strongest influences in shaping the character and habits of these people were the sea and the Quaker religion. Either of these alone would have left its mark, one which centuries could not altogether obliterate. The two together, interacting one upon the other, were bound to have a pronounced effect. It could not have been otherwise.

As the sea was always here, while the Quakers

came some time after the settlement, the influence of Neptune antedates that of George Fox and his followers, so it may be well to trace first, through song and story and quaint saying, this earlier and perhaps stronger—because more universal—of the two influences upon the island character. The anecdotes and expressions connected with the sea and ships are so many and so varied that only a comparatively small part of the vast store of available material can be utilized. The list might be extended to make several such books as this, but the compilers have selected those which seemed most characteristic as well as most indigenous to our island.

Chapter II.

SEA YARNS AND SAYINGS.

THE very earliest Nantucket sea story of which we have any record actually antedates the settlement of the island—by a few hours, at least. It is related that when Thomas Macy, with his good wife Sarah and their five children, made the famous voyage from Salisbury, on Cape Ann, to Nantucket, in the autumn of 1659, they encountered rough weather with heavy seas, and that Sarah, becoming alarmed, begged her husband to turn back—to which entreaty Goodman Thomas replied: "Woman, go below and seek thy God! I fear not the witches on earth or the devils in hell!" Which would indicate that the ancestor of all the pudding-eaters was himself something of a fire-eater. Probably none of the party saw anything amusing in the remark, but there was a certain grim humor in it which befits the situation as we may picture it.

From that day to this Nantucketers have been pre-eminently a sea-faring folk, and their main interests have been in or on the ocean. Is it to be wondered at then that their whole conversation savors of the sea and ships? The habit is quite unconscious to most of them—the nautical terms having become so incorporated into their every-day speech that it never occurs to

PACIFIC CLUB ROOM—1899.

1—Obed Swain
2—Roland Gardner
3—Joseph W Clapp
4—William M. Barrett
5—Daniel Whitney
6—James Easton
7—James H. Gibbs
8—Philip Macy

them there is anything unusual about it. They never pull, they always "haul"; they do not tie or fasten anything, they "splice" or "belay" it; they do not arrange or fix a thing, they "rig it" or "rig it up"; they do not throw anything away, but "heave it overboard"; they "back and fill," they "luff," "tack," "come about" and "square away" on any and all occasions. Before engaging in any venture they first "see if the coast is clear," then, as they proceed, they "keep the weather eye peeled" and always "look out for squalls." Then they "sound it out" until they "fathom" it. If they don't like "the lay of the land" they "give it a wide berth " To be prudent is "to keep an eye to windward," but to be over-prudent to the point of timidity is to be "always reefed down and standing on the inshore tack " To be reckless and take too many chances is to "sail too close to the wind," and to be caught off one's guard is to be "taken aback," meaning to catch the wind on the wrong side of the sails—an exasperating and sometimes perilous experience for a mariner. Anything put by for a rainy day, or any provision against adversity or disaster is "an anchor to windward," while to be gay or foolish is to "carry on" as an inexperienced or reckless navigator may carry on (sail). A telling rebuke of extravagance is the phrase "two lamps burning and no ship at sea." To overcome or to best an opponent is to "take the wind out of his sails." To be ready for anything is to be "always on deck," and so on *ad infinitum.*

Some day, perhaps, if you are an old-time Nan-

tucketer, you "tackle up" the horse and "all rigged out" you "cruise down along." A "mate" recognizes you "by the cut of your jib," and you are "hailed" with the query, "where you bound?" Replying that you are "bound to the south'ard" or to the "east'ard," as the case may be, you are urged to "heave to" or to "come alongside." Complying with the request, you are urged to "drop anchor," and to "come aboard and have a gam"; so you "make fast" and visit for a while, till it's time to "heave your anchor short" or "top up your boom," and "get under way" for the next "port."

So the conversation goes, not always with the nauticalisms as thick as in the samples given, but always with the salty flavor of the sea. Less now than formerly, perhaps, for the times are changing; but much of it lingers yet in the speech of the older generation. Some of the old expressions are rarely heard nowadays. In former times a Nantucket mother told her children to "splice their patience," and if she went out, one of the older ones had to "tend the kitchen halyards" in her absence.

Of a light-minded person or one who didn't amount to much, they would say, "Well I guess he'd come over the bar without camels," while the expression applied to an absolutely useless fellow, "he ain't good enough even to take in slack," explains itself. An ill-fitting garment was said to "fit like a purser's shirt on a hand-spike." "God made the food, but the devil made the cook" is a sailor's phrase, often borrowed to describe a poor cook ashore; and the expression "we must

take it as it comes from the cook'' is, perhaps, another form of the same idea.

A certain Nantucket Quaker mother once denied that she ever used these nautical phrases, and told her children to remind her if they ever caught her doing it. The very next morning she gave one of them some eggs to leave at the house of a relative on the way to school with the words: ''Take these into Cousin Phebe's, and tell her I think this squares the yards with us; and thee must scud, for it's almost school time.''

Of course not all these expressions are peculiar to Nantucket. Many of them are heard elsewhere along the coast, and even far inland, and many of them, indeed, have become so much a part of the language that they are not recognized as nautical phrases at all. Of such are several already given—notably such terms as ''taken aback,'' to ''carry on'' or ''the lay of the land'' and many others, such as main-stay, bulwark, chock full, etc.; but even of these, when their sense is grasped and understood, it must be admitted that their origin is obvious. Even the very common word ''landmark,'' is a sailor's term, meaning a mark on the land by which to steer or lay a course. Others not recognizable at all, except by the initiated, are constantly used. ''A1'' or ''A No. 1'' originated in the classification of wooden ships, being the highest grade in Lloyd's Register. Even more surprising, perhaps, will be the statement that the term ''bitter end'' is a very technical nautical phrase, that being the sailor's name for that part of the cable which is abaft the windlass bitts; so when the cable is let out to the bitter end,

that is as far as it is possible for it to go; and it is only in very deep water or when riding out a gale at anchor that this occurs.

"To know the ropes" is obviously of nautical origin. It is said there are only seven "ropes" on a full-rigged ship. Everything else which might be taken for a rope by a land-lubber goes by some other name, as halyards, clewlines, earrings, garnets, sheets, tacks, stays, buntlines, gaskets, etc., to mention only a few. So that to pick the seven "ropes" from all this confusion of nomenclature requires an "A B"degree in seamanship.

Another common expression, "fagged out," or the "fag end," is undoubtedly of nautical origin, that being the sailor's term for a rope which is untwisted and frayed at the end.

Examples of this nature might be multiplied indefinitely, and it is a fascinating study; but further discussion of the subject is hardly within the scope of this work, even if space permitted. Our language undoubtedly owes much to the sailors, who, while they may not have actually coined many of the words in question, have probably preserved many very old ones which would otherwise have passed into disuse and been forgotten.

Some Odd Sayings.

"Give a woman all the advice in the world and then she'll go ashore with both anchors on the bows" expresses the contempt of an old Nantucket captain for feminine judgment and capacity.

"The devil would have made a sailor if he'd ever looked aloft" is said of or to a man who gets things snarled aloft by not looking to see that everything is clear; and the first thing he knows everything is "mops and brooms."

"Nothing but hot water and ashes can be thrown to windward" is told to the green-horn, who needs only to try it once to learn the lesson.

Said of a gale off Cape Horn: "It blows so hard it takes two men to hold one man's hair on."

Of a captain in a tight place, from which it would seem next to impossible to extricate himself, the sailors were wont to say: "The old man's 'twixt Heaven and hell without halyard or downhaul."

Of an incredible story: "That yarn doesn't square by its lifts and braces."

Of an over-dressed woman, displaying flounce, ruffle and furbelow: "Here she comes, stud'n's'ls set alow and aloft."

Similarly, of a sailor home from sea, with his pockets full of money rolling down Main street on his sea-legs, with a girl on each arm: "There goes Jack, rolling down to St. Helena, eighteen cloths in the lower stud'n's'l, and no change out of a dollar!"

An old skipper, still hale and hearty, being asked why he quit going to sea, replied: "Well, I thought when I got to the north'ard o' sixty, 'twas time to heave to."

Another, being invited out to dinner, announced on his arrival that he was "ready to fall to any time," as he had "come with a swep' hold."

"Hull Down."

Capt. Stephen Bailey, partaking of an oyster stew at a church supper, called the waitress with, "See here, my lass, can't ye get me some more oysters? These here are a day's sail apart."

They Pumped.

The crew of a leaky ship, homeward bound for Nantucket, had become so exhausted with work at the pumps that they finally came aft and told the captain they couldn't stand it any longer and would have to give up. Expecting little short of death for such a flagrant breach of discipline aboard ship, their surprise may be imagined when the captain blandly replied, "I don't blame ye a bit, boys." Recovering from their astonishment, they asked, "But what'll we do?" "Pump and you'll float; quit and you'll sink," was the response, "and I'll sink with ye!"

Evidently they pumped, or the story would have remained untold.

After some such a voyage as this we can understand how the sailor felt who said he was going to shoulder an oar and march inland till somebody asked him what that thing was he was carrying, and there he would settle for the rest of his days.

Orthography.

It was always the mate's duty to keep the log aboard ship. When the good ship "Aurora" arrived home the owners were somewhat puzzled on looking over the log-book to read in a good round hand at the top of each page: "Ship Ororor, Lat.—, Long.—" Calling the mate in, they asked him what it meant. "Why," said he, "that's the name o' the ship." "But why do you spell it that way?" they asked. The mate studied the letters for a while, then he burst out with: "Well if O-r-o-r-o-r don't spell Ororor, what in —— does it spell?"

Worthy of Note.

Some good ones are claimed for Nantucket which may have had their origin elsewhere. Of these, perhaps, is that other log-book story concerning the mate who, on returning from shore leave somewhat the worse for liquor, forgot or was unable to write up the day's log. Recovering the next day, he found the captain had attended to that duty, adding at the end of the record the words "Mate drunk today." The mate said nothing, but at the close of the next day's record he wrote "Captain sober today."

Another good one attributed to a Nantucket captain, but not vouched for as authentic, has been widely quoted, even Mark Twain having related it in one of his books. This is the story of

The Captain's Prescription.

Many old-time ships carried in the medicine chest

what was called the "symptom book," in which were detailed such symptoms as were likely to develop in certain diseases. The diagnosis being thus disclosed, instructions were given to administer such and such a dose of remedy number so and so from the medicine chest. One day a sick sailor having developed the symptoms calling for number eleven, the captain found to his dismay that the bottle supposed to contain that number was empty. However, not to be stumped by a little thing like that, he administered equal parts of number six and number five to the amount of the dose directed for number eleven. The story has it that the man was pretty sick for a time, but that he finally pulled through, though whether owing to a strong constitution or to the captain's ingenuity, deponent sayeth not.

A Question of Taste.

Perhaps no Nantucket story is more widely known than the one celebrated in the verses about "Marm Hackett's Garden," the correct version of which, the islanders claim, is as follows: Captain Finney, of the packet sloop Penelope, had long made it his boast that he could tell where he was at any time by merely tasting the material brought up on the sounding lead. Obed Fisher, his mate, being more or less skeptical of his skipper's ability in that direction and wishing to put it to the test, took the lead one night during the old man's watch below, and after greasing it well, rolled it in the earth in a box which had contained some Nantucket-grown turnips. Then, going below, he roused the cap-

tain from a sound sleep and thrust the lead in his face, exclaiming: "For the Lord's sake, Cap'n, tell us where we be!" Touching his tongue to the lead, the skipper tasted a moment, then jumped from his bunk with a yell: "Great Scott! Obed, Nantucket's sunk, and we're right over Dr. Tupper's hill."

Saved by a Song.

A stuttering foremast hand, seeing a shipmate fall overboard, rushed aft to tell the captain, but so terrified and excited was he that he could only mouth helplessly, "B-b-b-b—!" "Sing it, man," roared the captain, "sing it!" Whereupon the sailor (for 'tis well known that stutterers can always sing) chanted:

"Overboard goes Barnabas—
Half a mile astarn of us."

He Was Particular.

On a very rough passage across the Sound in the old Island Home, some of the more timid passengers besought an old Nantucket sailor man to tell them if he thought there was any danger. "Wal," said the old salt, puffing away at his pipe, "I've sailed on all the oceans; (puff, puff) I've been in 'bout every kind o' weather there is made, (puff, puff) and in 'bout every kind of a craft, (puff) man and boy, I've follered the sea for nigh fifty year, (puff, puff) but 'twould muckle me dretful to go to bottom in an old tub like this."

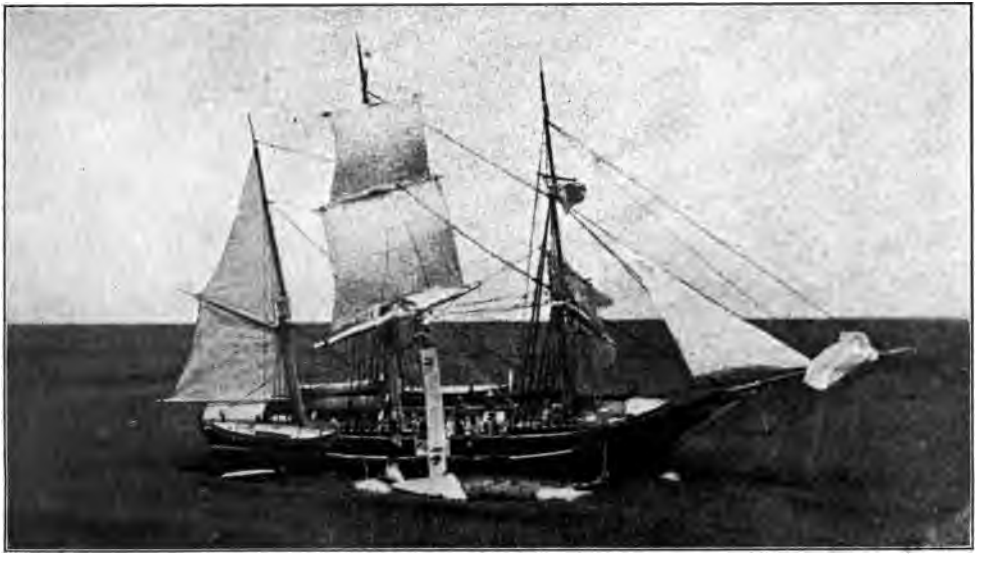
Chapter III.

WHALE SCRAPS.

THERE is a tradition that one of our forefathers, with the gift of prophecy, standing one day on what was later called Folly House Hill, said, pointing to the great ocean to the south, where a school of whales were disporting: "There is the green pasture where your children's children will go for their bread."

A certain eminent New York barrister and jurist, who spent his declining years on Nantucket, took a great interest in the history of the whaling days. It is related of him that he once said to an island friend: "What has often puzzled me is how they managed to carry fuel enough on those whale-ships to try out all the oil!" It had never occurred to him, strange to say, that the whale itself furnished the fuel to try out its own blubber—a fact which has often been cited as an excellent example of the secondary use of things. As the oil was extracted, the "scraps" remaining were skimmed off and fed to the fire under the try-pots, so as long as there was any blubber to try out, there were scraps to try it out with.

It has even been said that these scraps were palatable, if not exactly toothsome. The compilers are unable to vouch for the fact, but they offer a few samples to the reader, who can judge for himself.



"CUTTING IN" A WHALE.

cut quickly before the whale "ran" or "sounded," it might mean death to one or more men in the boat.

As a case in point, the following quaintly interesting passage from the log-book of Peter Folger, under a date in the year 1761, is apropos:

July ye 29 we stowed away our whale. We saw 2 sloops to the Easterd, and we saw divers sparmocities and we struck one and made her spout Blood. She went down and their came a Snarl in the Toe-line and catched John Meyrick and over sot the boat and we never saw him afterwards. *We saved the whale.*"

Of course the saying "There she blows!" would be quoted on every possible occasion by a people familiar with whaling, but the companion phrases, "there she breaches!" (breaks water) and "there goes flukes" (the tail) are less well known ashore, the last phrase meaning to show the tail.

When an old whaleman was asked after his health, his reply was, "Bung-up and bilge-free," referring to the way casks are stowed in the hold of a ship; but if you happen to hear one say that he was "pretty nigh fin out," you can know that he has been very sick, or that he thought he was, for that expresses the condition of a dying whale when he rolls over on his side, showing a fin above water. The nearest counterpart to this expression we have now is "about all in."

To "throw a tub to a whale" is to offer a sop to keep any one quiet, said to be a survival of a very ancient custom when approaching a sperm whale sus-

pected of being ugly, or perhaps only "gallied," to throw a cask overboard so it would drift toward the whale to distract its attention while the boat was approaching.

"Put that butter within darting distance, will you?" was the request of an old whaleman at the table, bread in one hand and knife in the other, as he scanned the intervening distance.

Tradition has it that no whaleman was expected to ask the girl of his choice for her hand until he had "killed his whale," and if she were of the better class of the island maidens, the wedding day was not fixed until he had won a command. "She married him before he had a ship" was a reproach which no high-born damsel of spirit would venture to endure.

Of a particularly fine young woman it was said: "she deserves an East India cap'n," the popular impression being that such worthies were likely to be more than ordinarily prosperous and successful.

Soon after the Revolution a Nantucket whaleship visited London with a cargo of oil. The feeling against the Colonies still ran high, and Yankees were hardly *persona grata* in the old country as yet. As one of the whaler's crew, who happened to be a hunchback, passed up the street from the wharf, a British

tar, coming up behind him, gave him a sounding whack on his hump with the jeering remark: "Oi s'y, Jack, wot you got there, now?" "Bunker Hill and be d—d to you!" was the tart reply of the Nantucketer.

Some Consolation.

An oft-quoted story, which has even been put into verse, is that of the Nantucket whaling captain who returned from a voyage of three or four years with a "clean ship." When asked what luck he had had, he replied cheerfully, "Well, we didn't get a whale, but we had a d—d fine sail!"

It is quite evident that he was not a Quaker captain, like so many masters of Nantucket whaleships, (and of whom more anon), but rather of the type referred to in the following anecdote.

A Reasonable Request.

A mate reported to "the old man," (as the captain of a whaler was always called, though he might be the youngest man on the ship) that a "snorter and a blower" had been sighted in the distance and asked permission to lower and give chase. The weather being rough, with a heavy sea running, the prudent captain responded, "A snorter and a blower she may be, but I don't see fitten for you to lower at present." The whale remaining in sight, after a time the mate again begged for the chance to try his luck. With an eye on the weather, the captain replied: "*If* she's a snorter

and a blower, you may lower and be d—d to you, sir!'' The mate returning an hour or two later, with the captured whale in tow, the captain's change of sentiment was most apparent, when he greeted his mate as ''a scholard and a gentleman,'' with ''here's yer rum, and here's yer see-gars, for you've earned 'em.'' But the mate was on his dignity. ''I don't want yer rum,'' said he, ''no no more your see-gars. All I want is a little *cy*-vility, and that of the commonest d—d sort!''

Hobson's Choice.

Illustrating the dependence of the island families upon the Pacific ocean for a living, it was told that a wife whose husband's earnings from his last voyage had about disappeared, feeling the pinch of poverty, and noting that her rather lazy spouse showed no signs of replenishing the family larder, remarked one day, as she served the frugal dinner: ''Well, John, one or t'other of us has got to go round Cape Horn pretty soon, and I ain't agoin.''

A Warm Reception.

So accustomed to the long absences from home of their husbands did some of these wives become that we may almost believe the story of the one who is said to have looked out of the window one day, and seeing her husband coming up the street on his return from a four-years' voyage ''round the Horn,'' hastened to meet him at the door with the water pail, which she thrust into his hand with the remark: ''Hello, Si. Here, go get a bucket o' water. Dinner'll be ready by the time you get back.''

Still harder to believe is the alleged reply of the captain who was about to sail on a comparatively short Atlantic voyage, when reminded at the last minute that he had not said good-by to his wife: "Oh well, never mind, I shan't be gone more'n a year or so."

The Ruling Passion.

Seen (and heard) on one of the Nantucket wharves some years ago. An old whaleman spinning yarns to a group of summer girls. "An' jest then," the narrator was saying, "he up with his flukes (them's his tail, ladies) and down he come kerswash! acrost the bow o' the bo't; an' up we went int' the air 'bout ten fathom, more or less; an' the nex' thing I knowed I was a lookin' down right into his gre't gizzard, big's a barn door, with the rows o' white teeth a shinin', an' me a fallin' right square int' the openin'—(dramatic pause). Chorus of "oh's!" Then, from one of the maids: "And what did you think of *then*, Captain?" "Well," (shifting his quid slowly to the other cheek) "I thought he'd make 'bout a hundred barrels."

JUDITH (COFFIN) FOLGER—AT 94 YEARS.

Chapter IV.

ANECDOTES OF THE QUAKERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the austerity of the Quakers and their well-known dislike and disapproval of anything approaching levity in a worldly sense, they had a shrewd wit of their own, kindly as a rule, but not without its sting of irony, too, at times. Many good stories are told of them and about them, from which we have culled a few which seemed most worthy of a place here. Including in their numbers at one time fully half the population of the island, and being, by virtue of their ability, thrift and business acumen, the ruling element, politically as well as socially, no collection of characteristic Nantucket stories and sayings would be complete unless they were well represented therein, and they are entitled to at least one whole chapter in the "Scrap Basket."

As is well known, the Friends never used our profane names for the days of the week and the months of the year, each being known by its number. Thus we have the amusing incident of the Quaker schoolmaster who set the copy for the writing class on the blackboard in this wise:

Beauty fadeth soon,
Like a rose in 6th mo.

Also of the Quaker who referred to the story of "Robinson Crusoe and his good man, Sixth Day." It has been suggested that to carry this rule to its logical conclusion we might expect something like this:

Third month winds and fourth month showers
Bring forth the fifth month flowers.

Equally careful were all good Quakers to avoid using the common plural form of the personal pronoun in the second person singular, though strangely enough, they (at least the Nantucket Friends) used the objective form ungrammatically in the nominative case. Thus, it was never "thou dost" or "thou knowest," but always "thee does" or "thee knows" with them, and they were very strict about it. We do not vouch for the truth of this story, but it is said that a woman of the world's people who bore the name of Eunice Ewer was always referred to among them as "Theenice Thine." We are inclined to suspect some local wag among "the world's people" was responsible for that.

Cursing by Deputy.

The captain of a Nantucket coasting vessel, who was a member of the Society of Friends, in attempting to dock his vessel at a wharf in New York found a Nova Scotia craft in his way. He used all his powers of persuasion on the Nova Scotia captain to get him to move, so that he might take his vessel up to her place, but the Down Easter was impervious to all entreaty. Our Quaker captain had for a mate a man who was somewhat noted for his fluency in the use of swear words, and when it proved impossible to move the Nova

Scotian by kindness, the captain, whose patience was exhausted, stepped to the companionway and called down the stairs: "Friend Peter, come up here and use some of thy unadvised language on this man." Then, handing the speaking trumpet over to the mate, he added, "and don't spare thyself, Peter." The mate responded with alacrity and to such good effect that a clear berth was soon opened for the Nantucket coaster.

Better or Worse?

Another Quaker, a ship-owner, being much disturbed by the profanity of one of his workmen, said to him one day: "Jack, I think if thee should wear my coat for a week, thee might cure thyself of thy habit of swearing." Jack agreed to try it, and on returning the coat at the end of the week, the Quaker asked: "Well, Friend Jack, did thee have any inclination to swear while thee was wearing my coat?" "No," said Jack, "but I did have a terrible hankerin' to lie."

A Polite Rebuke.

If the lie has to be passed sometimes, could it be done more diplomatically than in this instance? A sailor man who was sadly addicted to "drawing the long bow," as the habit of lying was called, was thus rebuked by an old Quaker: "Friend Charles, if thee'd ever been one-half as economical of this world's goods as thee is of the truth, thee'd be the richest man in Nantucket."

Keep the Change.

An old Quaker ship-master, beset by Malay pirates in the East Indies, noting a brown-skinned buccaneer

climbing up the ship's side by a rope, reached over side and cut the rope, remarking quietly: "Thee can have the rope, friend, but thee can't come aboard."

Disinterested (?) Advice.

One of the Nantucket coasters, while running the blockade in Vineyard sound during the war of 1812, was in danger of being overhauled by a boat's crew from an enemy privateer. The mate wanted to resist, and asked permission to mount a small swivel they had aboard, but the Quaker captain answered: "Thee knows my principles will not allow me to take part in any fighting." "But, Captain," begged the mate, "will you go below for a few minutes, and give up the deck to me?" Seeing no harm, and possibly some good in this, the Captain agreed and disappeared below. The boat approached, the swivel was mounted and trained, but just as it was about to be touched off, a head appeared cautiously above the companion-way, and a mild voice said: "Mate, if thee means to do any execution with that swivel, I'd advise thee to lower the muzzle a little."

Good Business.

When two well-remembered Quaker worthies plied the trade of tinsmiths, a man took a kettle to them to be mended. Calling for it, he asked: "How much, Peleg?" "Nothing, friend," was the reply. "Well, well, I'll bring all my work here." "That's what I wish thee to do, friend," answered Peleg, quietly.

A Man of His Word.

One local artisan, in business on Main street for many years, if asked when a job would be done, would reply--"Well, thee may call on Fourth Day." If the customer called for the work on that day, and finding it was not finished, upbraided the shop-keeper for failing to keep his promise, the latter would reply: "I did not tell thee the work would be done; I told thee thee might *call* on Fourth Day. I'm always glad to see thee."

The Best None Too Good.

An elderly Friend once interviewed a local blacksmith in regard to the price for making him a carving-knife. "Well," was the reply, "I can make you a pretty good knife for seventy-five cents; I can make you a better one for a dollar, but I can make you one that would cut the devil's head off for a dollar and a quarter." The Friend promptly replied: "Thee may make me the dollar and a quarter one."

International Amenities.

Just before the war of 1812 a Nantucket Quaker ship-owner presented a check of considerable size to the Bank of England for payment. The irritation and contempt which anything American aroused in the British capital at that time was intense, but the old Quaker was told to call later and his check would be honored. When he did so, he was shown two kegs of fractional currency and was curtly told that there was his money. Patience to count it the Quaker did not have, and his native shrewdness forbade his accepting it on

trust; so taking a handful of coins from each keg he remarked calmly: "Thee may deposit the remainder and give me a draft for it on New York." After hours of counting and verification the task was accomplished, and the old Friend went calmly on his way rejoicing.

Qualified Praise.

A worthy Quaker housewife noted, as were they all, for her habits of cleanliness and orderliness, decided after much deliberation and with many misgivings to leave her family in the charge of her daughters while she attended Quarterly Meeting in Newport. Upon her return she praised her daughters for their housekeeping, saying: "Thee has done very well; but thee has put the pudding dish on the wrong side of the platter."

Ruling Passion.

Cousin Eunice, one of the Quaker housewives who had a reputation in her day for being what was called "nasty neat," once entertained several friends at "tea," which meant supper in Nantucket. Having occasion during the meal to go to the kitchen for something, she was gone such a long time that the guests, finally becoming anxious and fearing that something might have happened to her, decided to investigate. They found her with her sleeves rolled up, standing on a chair cleaning the shelves in the "chiny closet." "Well, there!" she said, when discovered, "I saw these shelves with all the dishes off of them, and I just thought what a fine chance 'twould be to

wash them off, and--I'm awful sorry—but I clean *forgot* I had a party!''

A Friend in Need—of Sympathy.

A widower of a half-year's standing met a neighborly Quaker on a Nantucket street. The fact that the widower was carrying a red ''piny,'' and was headed straight for the home of a buxom widow may have furnished the text for his neighbor's remark: ''Friend Jabez, thee should marry again.'' To which Jabez responded: ''Friend Peleg, that's the first kind word I've heard for six months.''

Mutual.

Any one acquainted with friends knows how particular they were about attending meeting. On one very stormy Fifth Day an old lady went to the meeting house and, excepting the janitor who was in the entry, found no one. She took her seat, and after a few moments a man entered and seated himself, as was the custom, on the men's side. They sat in silence during the hour; then he (a widower) arose, and after shaking hands with her (a widow), remarked: ''I have had a very profitable season,'' to which she replied that she had also.

Accomplished Its Purpose.

A Quaker took a young man of the world's people who was visiting the island, to First Day meeting. There chanced to be no speaking, as ''the spirit did not move'' anyone to rise, so they sat for an hour in silent worship. On the way home the Quaker asked the young

man how he had enjoyed the service. "It beat the devil" was the reply. "That is precisely the object," rejoined the Quaker, calmly.

All is Vanity.

A dear old member of the Society of Friends, one of the occupants of the rising seats, went to meeting on First Day in that calmness and serenity of demeanor which bespoke inner tranquility of heart and mind. The alteration in his bearing when he returned home was so striking that it awoke consternation in his quiet household. He was undeniably cross; and no reason for his change of heart could be surmised, until at last he turned upon his innocent and solicitous wife, and blurted out: "What'd thee let me go to meeting in my barn hat for?"

Too Expensive.

One of our well-known island Friends, after the Quakers had ceased to hold meetings, had long been a regular attendant at one of the churches of the world's people, but quite suddenly his attendance stopped, and a committee from the church called upon him to ask why. "Can't afford it," he replied brusquely. "Can't afford it?" said the committee. "Why, what do you mean?" Whereupon he answered somewhat irreverently: "No, I can't afford it. I've lost umbrellas and pocket handkerchiefs enough going to such places."

A True Reflection.

A Nantucket woman, brought up in all the strictness of the Friends' meeting, after her marriage de-

parted so far from Friendly usage as to admit into her house many articles which were ornamental enough to win the disapproval of members of her sect, who placed the ban on anything purely decorative, though if it could be shown that an article was useful, it might be permitted. A committee of friends waited upon her to inquire into the presence of the alleged unseemly objects in her home. The lady was very clever, and found a plausible excuse for the presence of each article which aroused suspicion as they went through the house. Somewhat discomfited by their fruitless search for contraband, the committee finally arrived at the front hall on the way out; but there they espied a concave mirror. "Now this," said the spokesman triumphantly, "what possible use can thee have for this?" "That mirror?" asked the lady in tones of surprise. "Why, that is the most useful thing in the house. That is to show thee how very *small* thee looks when thee comes on such an errand."

A Total Loss.

That very honest ship-owner and financier, a member of the Society of Friends, Jacob Barker, being anxious about a ship which was long overdue, called at the office of one of the large marine insurance companies and, frankly confessing his anxieties and doubts of the ship's safe return, applied for a policy of insurance on vessel and cargo. The premium proposed was a large one, and the agents were anxious to underwrite the risk if they could do it safely. They refused, however, to give a definite answer at once, but asked for a few days

in which to communicate with the home office, appointing a day later in the week when they would report. In the meantime every avenue of information was worked for news of the missing craft, while as a safeguard against any slip, the policy was prepared and executed, ready for delivery the moment any definite assurance of the ship's safety could be obtained.

On the day agreed upon no news, favorable or otherwise, had been received by the agents; but that morning the honest old Quaker stopped in at the office on his way down-town, to say carelessly: "O, by-the way, if thee hasn't made out that policy thee needn't, for I've heard from the vessel." "Well now, Friend Jacob, that's too bad," exclaimed the insurance man, "for the company accepted the risk, and the policy is all ready," and stepping behind the desk he took out the paper and handed it to our friend. The old Quaker heaved a deep sigh—somewhat noncommittal in its purport—as he counted out the gold for the premium, and, tucking the precious document safely away in his inside coat pocket, he remarked, still casually: "Yes, I've heard from her. She went to the bottom off Hatteras last month, with all on board."

No Claimant.

In the busy whaling days of Nantucket, when heavy drays loaded with casks of oil made their way to the candlehouse, "Gran'ther B.", a worthy Quaker of the town, had a large business in buying and selling oil. Several cargoes arrived that were not satisfactory in the estimate of the old gentleman. They looked cloudy,

and he made frequent inquiries as to the best method to improve the color, but to no avail. Finally a Frenchman came to town who dealt in wines and, rumor had it, knew how to clarify them. Now was Gran'ther B's time. Perhaps the same method might be used with his oil.

It was not long before interested dealers became curious, and one of them approached Gran'ther's right-hand man, Zimri, who tended the vats. "What does the old gentleman use, Zimri," asked the zealous friend, "to make his oil so clear?"

"I can't tell thee."

"Can't tell me?" he repeated. "And there thee stands every day watching the vats."

"Yes, but thee sees, when the oil is poured in, the old man says, 'Zimri, I want thee to do an errand for me around the corner'; and there's always an errand," sighed the fellow.

"Yes? Well, I'll tell thee, I'll give thee five dollars if thee'll find out the secret for me."

A few days later Zimri was again interviewed. "Well, how is it now? Thee knows it means a five-dollar-bill for thee."

"I can't help it," groaned Zimri, "it's always the same thing, 'an errand around the corner.' "

"Well, why doesn't thee go back some time and pretend thee has forgotten something," was the next suggestion.

"I tried that once, but I did not find anything—just some empty papers," answered Zimri in despair.

One morning Gran'ther B. seemed most reluctant

to come to breakfast, and when he had disregarded the summons of every member of the family, his wife went out with determined air to where he stood beside his casks, and said: "Why is thee so late to thy breakfast?"

Lifting a restraining hand, he said: "Sh, mother! some one has been prowling around these casks in the night and been scared off, for look—" and he held up a cane, dripping with oil, which he had taken from the cask.

"What's thee going to do with it?" she asked. "Look for its owner, won't thee?"

After a moment's pause, the old man said with a sly twinkle, "Not a bit of it. I'll never hunt for the owner, but I have a plan. I'll take that cane with me to meeting every Fifth day and First day, where on the high seat it will be seen by everybody." It is needless to say that the owner never appeared, and the cane is now in the possession of Gran'ther B's great-grandson. (The wonderful clarifying solution that was added to the oil proved nothing more elaborate than common soda.)

Safety First.

When Signor Blitz, the sleight-of-hand performer, was in town, he went into the bank, where William Mitchell, the cashier, spoke with him, and said: "I would like to see thee do one of thy coin tricks, Friend Blitz." The latter said he would be delighted, and requesting the use of some coins, did a few stunts before the eyes of the astonished cashier, causing the silver to

disappear and reappear at will. William looked on interestedly a few moments, and then turning to an assistant, said: "I think thee had better put the rest of our silver in the vault, and turn the key."

Calling Names.

A young girl of Quaker parentage, playing with a friend of a worldly family, became incensed with her companion, and expressed her indignation thus forcibly: "Thee's a little thee, thou!"

In Coffin's.

Visitors to the island applied for accommodations at a boarding house kept by Quakers, and were met with this reply: "Yes, thee can come to us, but we shall be compelled to sleep thee in Coffin's." The visitors enjoyed the situation when the full meaning was grasped.

No Telling How Good May Come.

Aunt Eliza Nickerson was a driver of everything with life, and had in her employ a girl named Harriet. She often drove over to 'Sconset, taking Harriet, who sat "in the tail of the wagon," and was supplied with knitting needles and cotton, and was not permitted to loiter any during the journey, Aunt Eliza frequently prodding the girl with her foot, saying. "Knit, Harriet! Knit!! It is for thy good I kick thee."

Almost.

Hon. Walter Folger, the famous mathematician, whose astronomical clock was one of the wonders of his day, often became so absorbed in the work in hand,

whatever it might be, that he would shut himself up in his study for days at a time, and it was hard for his wife to get him even to come to his meals. One of her woman friends, to whom she was once relating her difficulties in this respect, remarked that it must be very trying to have to live with such a man. "Indeed it is," replied Mistress Folger. "Why, do you know, Abigail, sometimes I almost wish he didn't know any more than *thy* husband!"

"ALL THE WAY TO SHEARING."

Chapter V.

SOME NANTUCKET TRAITS.

WHEN all is said, perhaps the most typical characteristic of the average Nantucketer is a certain complacency, a comfortable self-satisfaction and a general feeling of content at having been born and having spent his life in this most desirable place of abode. At its best, this is simply an intense loyalty to the place of his nativity and to all of its traditions. At its worst, it is a harmless pride, akin to that of the average resident of most of our western towns, founded upon the belief that his particular section is "God's own country." Nantucketers realize, of course, that everyone could not, in the nature of things, have been born on the island; so without being vainglorious, they yet sympathize in a kindly way with those less fortunate than themselves. This is expressed quite simply in the remark of an old man who had never been "off-island" in his life, when asked if he did not want to go before he died: "No," he said; "What would I want to go off island for? Nantucket's good enough for me."

Even the children early acquire this point of view, as is evidenced by the two stories from the schools, one of the boys, who located Alaska as in "the northwest corner of off-island," and the other who wrote of Na-

poleon: "He was a great soldier and a great statesman, but he was an off-islander."

During the occasional freeze-ups, when Nantucket is isolated from the mainland for days or even weeks, the sympathy expressed in many quarters for the islanders in being cut off from the rest of the world is more than reciprocated. The islanders feel that the rest of the world loses at least as much as they do by the embargo.

Only An Off-islander.

It is told that when the late Oliver Ames, one-time governor of Massachusetts, whose wife was a Nantucket woman, came to the island to be married, he was accosted by a native, who asked him, without knowing who he was, if he had come down to the wedding. "Whose wedding?" asked Mr. Ames. "Why, Anna Ray's. She's a Coffin, you know; but he's nothing but an off-islander."

On the day of Charles Sumner's funeral, a good Nantucket lady, hearing the affair discussed, is said to have inquired: "Was he of Nantucket origin?"

An old lady on Tuckernuck, learning that a party of people had arrived on the island for a visit, asked her informant: "Are they town folks, or furriners and philosophians?"

An Alien.

Another lady, not to the manner born, but whose husband was a native, was highly amused at a remark which was repeated to her to the effect that "she's a charming woman, and we're very fond of her, but *he* is one of *us*."

A Law Unto Itself.

A "stranger lady," attending a popular service at one of the local churches, was much disturbed when they began to place chairs in the aisles after the pews were all filled and many people were standing. "Don't you know," she asked an old captain who was lending a hand with the chairs, "that this is against the laws of Massachusetts?" "Well, madam," was the reply, "Massachusetts laws don't apply to Nantucket."

Perfectly Safe.

A stranger once asked the jailer's wife if she never felt nervous when her husband didn't happen to be round, and there were prisoners in the lock-up. "Certainly not," was the indignant reply, "I'd have you understand they are all our own people, and perfectly respectable!"

Reassuring.

All good Nantucketers want to sleep the last sleep under their native sod. One good lady, ordered to a hospital on the mainland for treatment, was quite sure she should die there. "And then what'll be done with me?" she asked of a friend. "Here'll be my house all shut up and cold and dark. Where'll I go? Oh, Jane,

dear, if I could only be brought to your house. Say that I could, and I'll die satisfied." "Why, of course you can," assented the warm-hearted Jane, "Come and *welcome!*"

We are glad to be able to record that Jane's hospitality has not yet been availed of.

Examples of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough have been given to illustrate the point, and many others will doubtless occur to the reader who knows his Nantucket.

Two prominent traits of the typical Nantucketer have often been remarked upon. One is the tendency to indulge in "platitudinous ponderosity," and the other is a habit of "dropping into poetry in a friendly way." A few notable examples of each of these characteristics are given.

The disposition to clothe their thoughts and ideas in flowery language may be due to the Quaker influence, for, while the Friends stood for simplicity in many things, the fear of appearing in any way frivolous or "unseemly" in manner or deportment and the effort to preserve their dignity on all occasions often led them to adapt a somewhat forced and stilted style of speech.

"Cousin" Elizabeth Black,

the Quaker school mistress, was wont to praise a pupil who had done well in these words: "Excellent! Excellent! Thee deserves a reward of approbation." This good lady, on being offered by Cousin Charles Folger, the use of his horse and cart to convey her to his house for tea, admonished him solemnly to "be sure

and provide a skillful charioteer." Later in life she kept a little notion shop in the west part of the town. One day a small boy opened the door and called out: "Got 'ny jewsharps, Cousin 'Liz'beth?" "No, my child," was the reply, "nor any other instrument of music used by Israelite or Gentile, ancient or modern, either for *di*version or *de*votion."

Squire Hussey,

lawyer, justice of the peace and real estate agent in the 1850's, or thereabouts, indulged his propensity for high flown language in his advertisements in the local paper in this wise:

For Sale. A dwelling house situated on the Cliff. This notable headland commands an extensive view of the Sound, where vessels may be seen daily passing to and fro with accelerated velocity.

For Sale. A dwelling house on York street. This is one of the most popular localities of the town, in the midst of a refined and enlightened community. The Colored Methodist Society contemplates the erection of a house of worship immediately opposite, which fact will commend itself to all religiously-disposed minds.

A Barber's Ad.

At the sign of the Eastern Pine,
Where the red and white combine.

John Peters, a descendant of the famous English Divine, Hugh Peters, informs all the tidy citizens of Nantucket that Apollo and the Graces came over in the last packet, and have taken up their abode at the corner of Pearl and Water streets. He officiates as High Priest in their temple, where it is his delightful task to

adorn the outward man, to shave off excresences and trim into proportion the shrubbery which nature has reared around the head pieces of mankind. By a judicious application of the scissors of discrimination, the soap of good nature, the brush of reform, and the razor of decision, he expects to bring about results, which like powers of the Steam Engine, are, as yet, only dreamed of. The grace of the Athenian beau, and the dignity of the Roman senator, shall be so intermingled in the grand contour of all who submit to his touch, that the toute ensemble cannot fail to kindle love, and command respect.—Inquirer, July 4, 1829.

Liked His Withont Trimmings.

The story is told of a good citizen who gave an order to his grocer thus: "I crave a pound of Coffee in the crude state."

Lydia Green,

a worthy spinster, having encountered a dead horse on a walk outside the town, remarked casually to a friend on her return: "I should have enjoyed my accustomed perambulation over the hills, were it not for inhaling the noxious effluvia which emanated from the cadaverous carcass of a defunct quadruped."

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Of course Nantucketers do not talk that way, as a rule, and the examples given are extreme cases, but there are so many such stories told of our people, and so many of the older generation, even today, are noted for employing rather stately diction and speech, that

we feel justified in recognizing this as one of their more or less characteristic traits.

As for the versifying habit we doubt if any community of its size anywhere has produced quite so many "feet" of rhyme per capita. Nantucket has had many true poets, and some exquisite verse has been written by natives of the island. It is not, however, with such that the Scrap Basket would concern itself, but rather with the quaint and the humorous, not to say grotesque form which the tendency may at times have taken.

An early example of this trait is Obed Macy's well known proposal to Abigail Pinkham:

From a long consideration
Of the good reputation
Thou hast in this nation,
Gives me an inclination
To become thy relation,
By a legal capitulation,
And if this my declaration,
May but gain thy approbation,
It will lay an obligation,
From generation to generation
On thy friend
Who, without thy consideration,
May remain in vexation.

to which Abigail is said to have replied, though the genuineness of the reply is not vouched for:

On mature consideration
Of this unique narration
Of thy infatuation,
Without further hesitation,
With no coy dissimulation,
But with maidenly elation,
And perhaps some perturbation,
I agree to annexation,
And life-long assimilation.

[Note:—Obed and Abigail were married in 1786, and had ten children.]

A Rhyming Skipper.

In 1781 the sloop Good Intent, owned by William Rotch and others, and known at Nantucket as "Copper Bottom" was seized for some infraction of the laws by order of the Board of War, then sitting in Boston. Ichabod Plaisted, the local naval officer, not knowing just how to indite his official report of the seizure, sought the advice of one Capt. Dowse, who, after learning the facts, produced the following, which was duly sent:

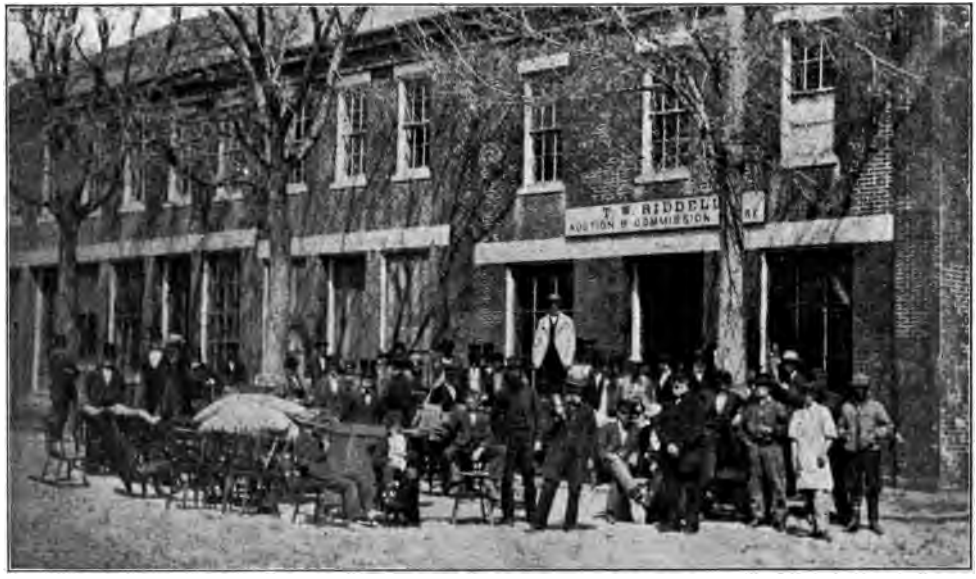
"Gents: Your orders respecting the Sloop Good Intent I received last night and straightway I went On board of said vessel, and in the State's name. Made a seizure thereof; but soon after came Some riotous persons, whose names I could mention, Lock'd the men I had plac'd as guards in the round-house, And kept them confin'd there as snug as a dormouse. They instantly made what dispatch they were able, And soon stripped the vessel of sails, rigging and cable. She'd a cargo on board of codfish and inions. And a lot of sperm oil; in good Whigs' opinions Was destined direct to the isle of Jamaica, With two sets of papers, lest a cruiser should take her. In this state she remains and I await further orders—Which I beg you to hasten, to stop new disorders. I need add no more lest time should be wasted. But remain, with respect,

Yours,

Ichabod Plaisted.

Old time Nantucketers often quote that odd sign once displayed in front of a local store:

Nice white quart bowls of all sizes,
Ninepence apiece and all prices.



AN OLD-TIME AUCTION.

Another advertisement of John Peters, barber, in the Nantucket Inquirer of July 3, 1830, has been handed down. This effusion consists of twelve verses of four lines each, but a few will suffice.

Curling irons, best and common,
Suitable for man or woman,
Perfumed soap, both red and white,
To please the sense of smell or sight.

Razor straps and paste assorted,
Yankee made, likewise imported;
With one side black, the other fair
They'll give an edge—twill split a hair.

Then please to call, pray don't pass by.
If I don't shave you smooth, I'll try;
My soap is soft, my razor keen,
To shave you well is what I mean.

I'll cut your hair in any style—
To suit a frown, a scowl, a smile;
To please your taste or Fashion's rule,
I'm an adept in either school.

Not so bad, John, for 1830. Much worse doggerel confronts us every day in the street cars, nearly a century later, and much less to the point at that.

Another old one comes to light, wherein William Harris advertises, in 1827, that he has taken the cellar under Major Bigelow's house,

Where he has opened his Oyster Shop
For friends to sit at ease,
While he'll supply them, cold or hot,
Or cooked just as they please.

to which place he invites a continuance of their patronage, and

Where they shall find, as usual, his utmost care is
That the public shall be pleased by their servant,
—William Harris.

One more, printed in 1858, and decidedly frank, to say the least:

The schooner Rosa is again down South,
  Loading with lots of trash;
Bound for a market somewhere North,
  To shave folks out of their cash.

With Corn, Flour, and other nice things,
  Too numerous to mention;
I'm bound to shave folks all I can,
  'Tis my trade and whole intention.

The almighty Dollars I need so much,
  Since the times are tight and hard,
So if anything's wanted in my line,
  Call on Capt. J. H. Barnard.

The files of the Nantucket newspapers contain hundreds of such advertisements, and it was evidently a popular way of calling atention to one's wares long before the days when the advertising "expert" began to inflict his atrocities upon us.

Even the editor often caught the trick, as witness this gem from the Inquirer as far back as 1822, when Mr. Melcher copies from an exchange the marriage notice of William Double to Ann Maria Single, and adds:

A prudent maid to change her fate
  From solitary trouble.
She wisely left the Single State,
  And turned into the Double.

Some of these wedding verses were so good that we are tempted to reprint several of them, appearing in the Inquirer in the 1820's and 30's.

Christopher Sutton to Miss Margaret Hands:

Pleasing facts of love requited
Here indeed is Hands united.

Robert Nott to Miss Sophia Dewdney:

Happy be fair Sophy's lot,
She once was single, now she's nott.

By Rev. G. Blythe. William Merry to Miss Jane Stephenson:

When at the Altar hands are twined,
The hearts are joyful—very;
And so was Jane's when Blythely joined,
The parson made her Merry.

Samuel Moody to Miss Asenath Paine:

When Moody Samuel went to woo
His spirits to regain,
He made his fair one Moody too—
Though she lost all her Pain.

Thomas Allwood to Miss Sparke:

"If Cupid's heart were anthracite
It would not catch like tinder,
But when its texture is All wood,
A spark soon makes it cinder."

Edward Byrd (82) and Miss Elizabeth Cherry (71):

"Old Birds like Cherries fully ripe."

But perhaps the best of all was that of Editor Samuel H. Jenks, of The Inquirer, author of most of the foregoing, who appended to the marriage notice of Miss Lydia B. Long, when that lady changed her name to Bourne, this delightful bit:

Said the bridegroom in haste to the bride-elect:
"Don't, Lydia, be long, for the touch of love burns!"
But she, more wary and circumspect,
Said: "Is this the Bourne whence no traveler returns?"

The late Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer is authority for this correspondence between his grandfather, who was a blacksmith, and a customer who wanted an adze made:

Hazadiah,
I desire
That thou an adze would make me;
And when 'tis done,
Set down the sum—
The money I'm to stake thee.
I want an adze.
—Bartlett Coffin.

The reply:

I and my lads
Have made thy adze,
Though nothing have to boast on;
So take it away,
And the money pay;
'Tis cheaper than in Boston.
A Shilling.
—Hazadiah Cartwright

As Dr. Ewer, if now living, would be about ninety years of age, and this happened to his grandfather, we can get some idea of how far back this trait showed itself among the islanders; but can we imagine such a correspondence between a local blacksmith and his customer in these days?

Here is another:

Stoves polished and Carpets beat
By Edwin Ellis, Farmer street.

Some Artisan.

A sign was at one time conspicuously posted, which stated:

Notice.

Carpets taken up, Spots Removed and put down again.

Tempora Mutantur.

A trait often attributed to Nantucketers is an extreme conservativeness toward anything new. The charge has often been made, and with some justification, perhaps, that every public improvement proposed has always been fought bitterly and that every possible obstacle to its realization has been placed in its way by a considerable section of the community. We are inclined to doubt if this spirit is any more in evidence among our people than elsewhere; for it is well known that this experience is almost universal with promoters of new projects the world over. The very fact that most of the modern public services have been successfully inaugurated here at an earlier date than in many far larger communities would seem to be a sufficient refutation of the charge.

Certain it is, however, that many of our elderly people, who had lived in the days of the island's maritime prosperity, looked with little favor upon the metamorphosis which took place a generation ago from a

great whaling port to a popular summer resort, and they felt that little good could come of the change. The summer people were in many cases partly responsible for this prejudice, for many of them were inclined to patronize the islanders in a way which was offensive to a proud people with a history in which all took pride.

Aunt Eliza Russell, who lived to the age of ninety-three years, seventy-seven of which were spent in the old home on Pearl street, where she went as a bride at the age of sixteen, was one of the most out-spoken in her disapproval of the changed conditions which came to pass in her later years. On one occasion she answered a ring at her door bell to find four ladies (?) standing on the door-step, one of whom addressed her thus: "We have been told that there are many old and curious things in this house, and we wondered if we might see them." With all the dignity of her ninety years, Aunt Eliza replied: "I am as old and curious as anything in it, and you can see me." On another occasion, when told of the profits she might derive from renting her spare chambers to the summer boarders, she remarked, "I think my income will keep me comfortably as long as I am likely to live, and I haven't the slightest intention of allowing 'coofs' to get in between my sheets with their boots on!" That settled it, and her spare rooms were always at the disposal of her children and her children's children.

Of course there are many other characteristic Nantucket traits quite as well-recognized as those mentioned, but not perhaps so easily illustrated by anecdotes suitable for the Scrap Basket. Of the really distinctive qualities of Nantucket people as compared with others elsewhere, the compilers hesitate to speak as freely as they might, for fear of being themselves accused of that particularly typical one first mentioned in this chapter.

Chapter VI.

LOCAL "CHARACTERS."

OF quaint, interesting and more or less eccentric characters Nantucket has produced so many that a mere catalogue of the names of these notables would occupy many pages. Judging by the early records, nearly all of the original settlers might be eligible to the list, and each generation since has produced its quota who have left their mark in the annals of their times. To mention only a few, with some samples of their idiosyncrasies, is all that space permits.

"Uncle Pillick" Folger

is one of the earliest. Of him, some local wag wrote the verses beginning:

"Old Uncle Pillick he built him a boat
On the ba—ack side of Nantucket P'int;
He rolled up his trousers and set her afloat
On the ba—ack side of Nantucket P'int.

His sea journal of some voyages on the sloop Grampus in 1751 is rich in philosophy of a quaint and original order, and interlarded with Latin phrases and quotations from the classics, which betoken no small erudition for a sailor man of those days. On May 15, 1751, he writes:

This day we fell in with the South Shoal, and made

our dear Nantucket and thro' God's mercy got round the point in the afternoon. So we turned it up to the Bar by the Sun 2 hours high.—*Laus Deo.*

On another voyage July 14th, same year, he says:

We have killed two spermacetie's. Now for home, Boys. We have seventy barrels in our Hold—*ex beneficia divina.*

The Newbegins.

Much has been written about this interesting and unusual family; but perhaps the best story presented concerning them was that by Dr. Lithgow in The Inquirer and Mirror of September 2, 1911, and from that story we make several excerpts which will give the general reader some insight into their peculiarities. Like as in many other examples, they have been written up in verse and story.

Reference to the Newbegins usually has to do with the three sisters, Phoebe, Mary and Anna, who were the children of James and Phoebe Nicholls Newbegin. Of these daughters alone we shall principally speak. They were always more or less eccentric, and as time went on, their peculiarities became more accentuated. They are said to have been good-looking and attractive, but their isolation and mode of living rendered them timid and reticent. They had few social friendships, beyond those involved in their regular attendance at Friends' Meetings and quiet visits of some of the Friends. Even their education was crude and elementary, and they knew little of things going on in the outside world or even about them. They assisted in the duties of the house, gathered herbs and berries, sewed and wove, and looked after their hens, which latter were to them a source of the greatest comfort and pleasure.

Anna, the youngest, did all the marketing, and in her Quaker bonnet and garb, could often be seen walking to town from their home about a mile distant, with unsteady, zig-zag gait, never passing a post or stump or tree without circumnavigating it three times in succession; nor would she step off a curb without stepping off of it and going back and stepping off again. Phoebe and Mary were taciturn, apathetic and melancholy.

For nearly forty years these simple-minded, eccentric beings lived contentedly alone. They were regarded as curiosities, and town people would bring visiting friends to gaze upon them in sympathy and wonder. Their home was of interest, and in its one front room lived a cat, hens and the three old maids. Suspended about the walls were garments and Quaker bonnets, with iron and wooden utensils, while on the mantel-piece and other convenient points there was a heterogeneous collection, including an old shoe, one brown tea pot with broken spout, yellow pitcher without handle, dead chicken, untidy lamps, well spattered tallow candle, and other remains of worthless bric-a-brac.

They lived to good old ages, and when they became unable to care for themselves, were removed to the Friends' Boarding House, on Main street, three doors west of Gardner, where they were looked after by the Society of Friends. Anna died August 7, 1853, at the age of eighty-one years; Phoebe, February 23, 1860, ninety-four years; and Mary, August 10, 1863, ninety-three years. They were buried in the Friends' Burying Ground.

Anna was the talker of the family, and when she found nobody to talk to, would address the hens, which lived in the same room with the family. Some of these bipeds were regarded by her as almost human and intellectual, and she would talk to them accordingly, while others which were treated as pets would usually roost up-stairs, but were frequently seen nesting on one of the beds, on the mantel-piece, or in Anna's arms. Favorites were designated by special names, as Martha, Hannah, Abigail. Hannah always gave notice of her intention to lay by a "cluck-cluck," which, when Anna heard, she would open a drawer in the bureau and Hannah would fly into it, and then it was nearly closed until Hannah would announce the object of her incarceration acomplished.

The simple-mindedness of these people is evidenced in the following fact, regarding their brother George, who essayed to swim across Hummock pond, and when two thirds the way became fearful he could not make the shore, so turned and swam back again.

At one time Uncle Benjamin G—— had a fine hog killed and decided to send the hams to Mary L——, who made a business of smoking and curing them. He told John, his man-of-all-work, to "take the hams to Mary." Now John was a frequent caller at the Newbegins, and thought Uncle Ben intended them as a gift to Mary and her sisters, and took them there. Later, Aunt Rachel (Benjamin's wife) was calling at the Newbegins, when Mary burst out with: "Rachel, Benjamin's legs are perfectly beautiful! perfectly beautiful! We have had them fried, we have had them

baked, and we have had them in all ways, and thee may say to Benjamin that his legs were beautiful.'' It was not until the puzzled Rachel returned home and reported this incident, that the fact was brought to light the hams had been innocently diverted from intended channels.

The following lines show up quite clearly some of the eccentricities of the sisters:

On this little sandy isle,
A mile or two from town,
Live three aged sisters
The fame of whom resounds.
One of these sisters eighty-two,
Another most four-score,
And Anna, youngest of the three,
Her years are seventy-four.
In peace and comfort there they live,
Free from the care of wealth,
Enjoying more than many hearts
In happiness and health.
No husband ever smiled on them
To cheer them on their course,
But a life of single blessedness
Seemed to have been their choice.
They've never left their native isle
The world at large to see,
But seem as well contented
In ignorance to be.
Our steamboats they have never seen
Except at a distance,
Likewise our ships—those noble craft—
Have never met their vision.
Full sixty years ago, they say,
They visited our wharves,
The price of apples to obtain,
Also of beef and pork.
They make companions of their hens,
And nurse them with much care;
They share with them their humble home
And let them roost up stairs.
One of them walks sometimes to town
In order to procure

Whatever articles they may need
From Cousin Reuben's store.
It would please you very much
To see her in her walks,
As around a post she three times goes
In steps so quick and fast.
Gay visitors they sometimes have—
Also the slick and prim—
With pockets well-nigh bursting
With cakes and other things.
Could you but see the joyous smiles
Around Friend Mary's mouth,
And hear the trembling accents
As Phebe then breaks forth,
"I'm obliged to thee, friend!" Phebe cries,
And Anna looks her thanks,
While Mary hastens with the prize
As fast as she can tramp.
Upon the upper shelf she puts
The goods which they bestow
And then comes and seats herself,
The news in town to know.
'Tis then the numerous questions
In quick succession come,
About the folks in town
Also our friends at home.
And sometimes while you're sitting
Conversing with these three
About their hens and chickens,
You much amused would be—
Perchance will greet your ears
A cackling loud and shrill;
Sometimes a smart young chanting
Will make those walls resound.
When we speak of leaving
They press us hard to stay,
And make us promise often
To take a stroll that way.
"Now, come again, all on ye,"
Is Phebe's constant cry
As we, their mansion leaving,
Turn round to say good-bye.
Now, if there's anyone on this isle,
Who never has seen these three,
Delay no longer—visit them—
Repaid you'll surely be.

An Old-time Constable.

Way back in the days when our grandfathers were small boys there was a certain constable in Nantucket, who had charge of the little lock-up on "Hay Scale Lane," now Pine Street. Any boys caught out after the nine o'clock curfew were impounded therein, and their parents were notified to come and take them home. The constable was somewhat infirm, and unless the boys were so awed by the official presence that they came at once on being hailed, he would try diplomacy on them in this wise:

"Come here, now! Come right here to me, every one o' ye; or I'll tell ye all something about your grandfathers that ye won't like to hear."

Cousin Cyrus Folger

was seen walking briskly down Main street, with both hands extended before him, palms toward each other. He was approached by several friends along the route who supposed he wished to shake hands. But he shook his head to each one, exclaiming: "Don't bother me! I've got the measure of a pane of glass."

Butts Up.

Uncle Jed R——, a well-known character in the fifties, distinguished himself by shingling his hog-pen with the butts of the shingles pointing skyward. This innovation earned for him the nickname "Butts up."

One day, while passing Capt. Joseph Coffin's house on Main street, he spied that mariner building a "walk" on top of his house. Wishing to be sociable, Uncle Jed sang out, "What'r'ye buildin' up there?"

Remembering Jed's shingling exploit, the captain replied: "A hog pen." "Humph," said Uncle Jed, "better stay in it when ye git it done!"

Repartee.

Amos Wood and Peleg West were two inveterate jokers, and each liked to get the better of the other. Amos was somewhat of a stutterer, and Peleg had a wooden leg. One day West observed his rival coming along the street, and remarked loud enough for Amos to hear him:

"Here comes Amos Wood
Who never was known to do any good."

To which Amos retorted

"And h-h-here is P-P-Peleg West,
And his woo-woo-wooden part is
M-much the best."

The Devil on One Stick.

Charlie Callahan also had a wooden leg. He kept a liquor saloon and was called "the devil on one stick." On one occasion he was at a house about dinner time where a blackberry pudding was one of the parts of the meal. Callahan was not asked to partake, but saw through an open door what was going on After the meal was over Charlie asked the head of the family, "What they would take for that blagberry pudden, bein's it was second hand?"

Joseph Perry,

remembered by many who go back even one generation, was not a Nantucketer by birth, but a native-born Englishman. For many years he kept a hardware store on

Main street where Folger's restaurant is now located. A lady who still spoke the Friends' language had long waited for a special kind of an old brass latch which "Joe" had agreed to order for her and to let her know when it arrived. Finally, exasperated by the delay, she went down to the shop, determined to bring matters to a head. Joe sat, as was his wont, tipped back in his chair, with his feet up, calmly smoking his pipe. The good lady opened up as follows:

"I suppose thee has done nothing about that door handle of mine yet, Joseph? Now I have waited about long enough, and I'd like to know if thee really ever intends to get it for me. Thee has treated me shamefully, and I am tired of it. Why doesn't thee say thee can't get it, and be done with it? Now, for the last time, is thee going to get me that handle?"

Old Joseph sat calm and unruffled throughout this tirade; then, taking his pipe slowly from his mouth, but without changing his position otherwise, he drawled out, as to the world in general:

"Lord! 'Ear that woman jaw! I tell ye now, as I told ye afore, it ain't a 'andle at hall, it is a latch; and I got it hinside."

An Un-named but Enterprising Merchant.

A story is told of a lazy Nantucket shop-keeper who was not inclined to give up his personal comfort or ease. Whenever he saw a customer enter the front door he would call out from his chair: "Well, what is it? What is it? Because perhaps I haven't got it." On one occasion a customer wished to buy a pail and

inquired the prices of the different sizes hanging in a line from the ceiling. The shop-keeper, without getting out of his chair, designated each pail with his foot, saying: "That is 50 cents; that is 62½ cents." "Well," said the customer, "I will take that one," pointing to the pail he wished to buy. The shop-keeper did not stir, and a wave of distress seemed to be passing over him. Presently, with an air of great perplexity, he said: "No, I won't sell it, for I shall only have to buy another."

Prof. Maria Mitchell,

the famous astronomer and one of Nantucket's most distinguished daughters, could hardly be classed as a "character" in the sense that some of these others are so named, but she was a woman of strong and original personality, and many good stories are told of her by her friends and acquaintances. She was once directed by her physician to use lager beer as a tonic. On her way to visit her sister, Mrs. Kendall, in Cambridge, Mass., she stopped at a saloon and purchased a bottle of beer, which she later asked her brother-in-law to open for her. "Where did thee get it, Maria?" asked her sister. "At the saloon on the corner," relied Miss Mitchell serenely. "Why Maria! Doesn't thee know that respectable women don't go into such places?"

"Oh," said Miss Mitchell, in the manner of one who has done all that could be required, "I told the man he ought to be ashamed of his traffic."

A gentleman who still cherished the theory of

woman's incapacity for any attainment not purely domestic, once asked Prof. Mitchell if she did not think that the delicate organization of woman unfitted her for the irregular hours which the night work in astronomy necessitated. "Sir," Miss Mitchell replied, in her deep masculine voice, "my mother had more night work than astronomy will ever demand of any woman. She brought up eight children."

A certain visitor to the island had a most ardent desire to see Maria Mitchell, and was gratified to learn that she would be able to do so at a home wedding which she was to attend with her hostess. "But how shall I know which is she?" was the anxious query. Remembering that Miss Mitchell was of a pronounced brunette type, the hostess said hastily: "She'll be the darkest person in the room." This simple method of identification did not take into consideration the presence of the family servant, a mulatto woman. The interested stranger, upon joining the assemblage, looked quickly around and naturally settled upon the mulatto as best answering the description; so she advanced with outstretched hands to exclaim with fervor: "Is this *our* Maria?"

Capt. William Baxter,

who, for many years before the Nantucket railroad was built, and even for some time thereafter, drove the 'Sconset stage, was an inveterate joker and wag, and many are the good stories told of him by those who

FRED PARKER—HERMIT OF QUIDNET.

knew him. The following is one of his advertisements from the files of the Inquirer and Mirror:

Back-stir.

Ancient mariner, by sea and land, has forsaken the former and confines his efforts no more to trackless wastes. His side-wheel craft, Swiftsure, will be launched Monday, May 11, 1891, for the season. She has been newly rigged, and is supplied with hard cushions for invalids and soft seats for sweethearts. Deaf ear turned to cooing and billing, all confidences strictly confidential, and no gossip repeated. Rates reduced to all parts of the island.

When Cap'n Baxter was conveying a party of visitors across the commons to 'Sconset on a dark and foggy night, he would frequently stop, jab the handle of his whip into the road and gravely taste the dust which clung to it. When inquiries were made as to the meaning of this eccentric performance, he responded: "Why bless you, I know this old island blindfolded the darkest night that ever was. I just take a sounding, and I can tell to a foot where we are by the taste of the bottom."

One of Cap'n Baxter's duties was the transportation of the mail to Siasconset, where the villagers could obtain their letters and papers by calling at his house. A complaint having been made that the sign "Post Office" had been placed by Cap'n Baxter, without authority, over the door of his house, an official of the postal service visited the island to verify the charge. In the natural course of events he became a passenger (and the only one) in the Cap'n's good side-wheeler, bound for 'Sconset, and, quite as naturally, he had unbosomed himself to the Cap'n before the town was hull down.

The Cap'n shook his head doubtfully. "I live right there in the village," he said, "and I would be sure to know it if there was such a sign there, but I never saw it. However, the best way will be for you to see for yourself." So he drove to Polpis and allowed the official to inspect personally every farmhouse in the place. "You see," said the Cap'n, "there's no such sign here." And the inspector, satisfied that the complaint was without foundation, was driven back to town and took the next boat for the continent.

"How blue the water is!" murmured one fair passenger making her first trip to 'Sconset on the Swiftsure. "Why, there," said the Cap'n, "this must be the day." Somewhat puzzled, the passenger inquired, "yes? what day?" "Why, we like to make things look nice for you strangers, so about once in so often we tip a couple of hogsheads of blueing overboard, so as to make the water a pretty color, and they must have just done it today."

Two young men, "coofs," who had heard of Captain Baxter's quips and jests, were most desirous of enjoying his fun at first hand, and for this purpose they drove out to 'Sconset. It chanced that the first one they met on entering the village was the Cap'n himself, and to him they expressed their wishes. "You have come at just the right time," said the Cap'n pleasantly. "Cap'n Baxter is to lecture this evening at the school-house, and you'll have a chance to hear him there. But I advise you to be on hand early so as to get good seats." As soon as the evening shades be-

gan to gather, the young men, with happy anticipations, betook themselves to the school house and sat down on the steps to await the opening of the door. And there they sat, and sat, and continued to sit while darkness settled around them and the village quieted down for the night. At last, becoming fearful that something was wrong, they returned to the village, where again they told their tale to the first man they met. The man laughed. "I guess you've seen Cap'n Baxter," he said.

When Cap'n Bill lay on what was apparently his death bed, his old friend, Joseph Clapp, an equally incorrigible joker, went to see him and condole with him. The old man was pretty far gone and very weak, but that did not prevent Capt. Joe from having his little joke. On leaving, his parting words were: "Well, William, I wouldn't hurry about leaving this sinful world. Thee'd better stay here as long as thee can, for thee's not likely to go to any better place." Cap'n Bill took the hint, and his convalescence was rapid from that hour.

"Joe" Clapp.

Meeting Matthew Barney, Treasurer of the Savings Bank, one day, Joseph Clapp stopped him. "Friend Matthew," he said, solemnly, "Thee knows that Paul said, 'would thou wert as I am, excepting these bonds.' Well, I've come to the conclusion that they were City of Jerusalem bonds, and that they were at a discount."

Mrs. McCleave and Her Museum.

One of the most interesting characters of the last generation was Mrs. Eliza A. McCleave, better known as " 'Lizy Ann," who had a small museum of antiques and curiosities at her house on upper Main street—a Mecca for visitors for many summers. The collection was an interesting one, but the accompanying "lecture" delivered by the hostess herself, was much more so. It was largely in rhyme, and was delivered with an unction which was irresisitible. Could it have been preserved in a talking machine record, it would have proved one of the best sellers in the list. We can give but a little of it.

"This old shell comb, though not as old as Noah.
Yet, when fifteen, my sister Phebe wore
She worked very hard to gratify her passion,
And when the cost was earned, 'twas out of fashion.

"This glass tankard, though not a hundred years,
Grandmother's gift, as the case appears.
The pound of putty daubed throughout is meant
To serve for use as well as ornament.

"These are ashes, supposed to be,
Which fell on various ships at sea.

"These musk-ox bones, just seven feet ten from end to end
they measure;
Look up and view them at your pleasure."

"The man who carved the carved ivory carved this.

And again,

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a horsefoot or king crab—botanical name, Polypemus; twenty-four thousand eyes on either side, but eventually nothing but a crab."

Lizy Ann knew every Nantucketer, of course, and when one of them accompanied her off-island visitors, her personal observations were apt to be amusing and sometimes rather embarrassing. On one occasion a fair daughter of the island brought a young man from Boston. In the midst of the lecture, Lizy Ann suddenly inquired: "Is this young fellow a beau of yours, Caroline?" "Oh, no, no;" replied the lady. "Is he going to be?" was the next question.

Once, when exhibiting two small figurettes, she is said to have remarked: "Now friends, take notice of these; one is Caesar, the other Brutus. I am not sure which is which. (Turning to her assistant and understudy) Mary Lizzie, which one of them two was it got slewed?"

One of her best pieces—her chef d'oeuvre, perhaps —was "The Cedar Vase," a long "poem," describing this article wrought by Reuben Folger at his shop on Orange street. After reciting this effusion she often innocently added this interesting reminiscence: "Many people have admired this poem. My cousin admired it very much. One evening he was here and I repeated it to him. He went home soon afterward, and was found dead in his bed next morning."

Elisha Pope Fearing Gardner,

poet and peanut vendor, who died January 28, 1913, maintained for many years at his little home on Chicken

Hill, which he called "Poet's Corner," a sort of marine and whaling exhibit of much interest to the summer visitors. Some of the relics were well worth seeing, but the various original signs posted conspicuously all over the place were, next of course to the poet himself, the chief attraction. Some of them were very funny. Mr. Gardner had been a soldier as well as a sailor, had served as a Union spy during the Civil war, and had had an adventurous career altogether. Though of a somewhat unique and eccentric personality, which he capitalized at its full value in his declining years, he was a man of some ability and much originality. His "boneless peanuts" became famous the country over, through the many write-ups he and his place were given by visiting journalists. The place, but not the "poet," may still be seen. Below appear copies of several of the numerous inscriptions that adorned the fences about Elisha's homestead:

The years they come, the years they go,
And Poet's Corner still is here,
For I am alive, don't you know
To welcome all with a good cheer.

The sun may rise, the sun may set,
But folks will come here just the same;
And if some peanuts you wish to get
This is the place, you know the name.

When I was young and in my prime
Full of fun I always was,
I always had a good time—
My only reason was, because.

The fleas are thick here, you'll find,
And they follow where'er you go;
But they are gentle, they are kind,
Never mind the weather when the wind don't blow.

These signs are new every year,
I do not print them over twice,
Apple sass and root beer
Are both I think very nice.

I was thinking the other day
Of the folks that here do call,
And wondered where they stowed away
When night began to fall.

Carted Everything.

The late William H. Bowen ("Billy") was something of a wag. One day, while carting off rubbish for a 'Sconset family, some young girls thought to have a little fun at his expense. One of them said: "Oh, Mr. Bowen, I didn't know you carted away trash." "Yes, yes," was the prompt response, "Get in."

THE TOWN CRIERS.

For many, many years, until quite recent times, Nantucket maintained one or more, sometimes several, town criers, and much of the local advertising was done by that method Evidently all the criers were more or less of characters, and many good stories concerning them have been preserved.

This quaint couplet has come down to us from very ancient times, indicating, it may be, that the duties of night watchman and town crier were combined:

"Twelve o'clock and all's well,
Jabez Arey has beans to sell."

Stephen Macy.

One of the ancient criers was Stephen Macy, who seems to have been a man of resource. After making due announcement through every street and lane of the

town for a local merchant one morning, he presented himself before his employer for the accustomed fee. But it was not forthcoming, and even after some discussion of the point the merchant did not seem inclined to pay for the service. So in the afternoon Stephen went out again and, revisiting every street and lane of his former route, he "uncried" his morning announcement.

On another occasion, when the sailing packet for the mainland, owing to the exigencies of wind and tide, made her departure at the unaccustomed hour of three o'clock in the morning, Stephen shortly thereafter repaired to the local tavern, roused the proprietor, and asked him if any of his boarders wanted to leave by the packet that day. "Why, yes," replied the landlord, "there are several who are anxious to get away." "Well," said Stephen, "tell 'em they can't, cause the packet's gone."

Charles H. Chase.

There is a many-times-told story of Charles H. Chase, one of the criers during the 60's and 70's of the last century, to the effect that on one occasion, after ringing his bell lustily and making his announcement, a rather fresh young summer girl called out to him from a boarding house veranda: "Where'd you get your bell, Mister?" Quick as a flash came back the reply: "Same place you got your manners, young woman—from the brass foundry!"

William B. Ray

succeeded Mr. Chase. His custom was to ring his bell loudly, and then in a very clear and intelligent but rather gentle conversational tone, to recite his announcement for the benefit of the immediate bystanders. Cap'n William C. Dunham, happening to pass one day as William B. was "crying" an auction, seized the bell, and exclaimed contemptuously: "That ain't no way to cry. Now lemme show you." Then, in the stentorian tones often heard later in the Hall of Representatives at Boston, he bawled out the announcement with all the vigor of his great lung power. Mr. Ray endured it in scornful silence, and at the close of the object lesson remarked with calm dignity: "I could do it that way if I wished, but I don't care to."

On another occasion the ringing of this crier's bell excited a dog to a frenzy of barking. The crier waited with poised bell, until the clamor ceased, then, "Time ain't nothin'," he remarked philosophically, and proceeded with his announcement.

Billy Clark.

The most famous, because the best advertised by the write-up men, of all Nantucket's town criers, was the late William D. Clark. William was a "queer genius," and columns have been written about his eccentricities.

"Billie," as he was always called, combined in one incumbent the manifold duties of a score of offices. He was news vendor, errand boy, window washer, bill poster, distributor of almanacs, hand-bills and general ad-

vertising matter, including free samples, all-round chore man and general factotum. In his day and time he was just about the busiest business man in town. "Crying" was only incidental, and he could make half a dozen different announcements in one round of the town.

As the steamboat ran up to the wharf, and even before the hawsers were out, his bundles of daily papers were thrown to him. Ripping off the wrappers as he started up town, he glanced over the headlines, absorbing enough of the day's sensations to transform himself into a walking bulletin board. By the time he had reached the head of the wharf, with a toot of his horn to attract attention, he exploded into a monologue, of which a fair sample, from memory, would be something like this:

"Now comes the news to-night! Now comes the news to-night! Awful fire in Chicago! City all burnt up.—Hundreds of folks drowned! That's down in Kentucky, the river—the river Ohio overflowin'—an' they can't stop it!—'Nother severe murder in New York! Man killed his wife, then killed himself—both of 'em dead! Meat auction on the lower square to-morrow morning at 10 a. m., at 10 a. m., to-morrow morning, beef, pork, mutton and lamb. And don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, don't forget there's a big surf on at 'Sconset! Take the Nantucket railroad and go out and see it! Round trip, 50 cents. And there's consid'able goin' on! Grand Concert and Entertainment in the Atheneum Hall to-night, to-night at 8 o'clock, p. m. Tickets, 25 cts., children, half price.

And remember, remember the grand ball, grand ball at Smith's Hall Saturday night, Number Fours, Number Fours grand ball! And that ain't all, no; that ain't all! Don't forget my birthday—November 17th, that's the date, ladies and gentlemen, November 17th. Toot! Toot! ! To-o-o-o-t! ! !

It is useless to attempt any imitation of the eccentricities of elocution or articulation which characterized Billie's delivery of one of these tirades. It has often been tried, but it simply can't be done in print. Those who have heard him can reproduce it. Others must trust to the imagination or get some old-timer to impersonate the immortal William for their edification.

For many years Clark rendered a valuable service to the townspeople, which was entirely voluntary on his part, by announcing the approach of the steamboat. Day after day he climbed the many steps to the lookout in the old south tower, swept the northwest horizon with a powerful spy-glass, and as soon as he sighted the boat, he pushed his horn through slides in the windows provided for the purpose on each of the four sides, and gave several loud and prolonged toots on his horn, which could be heard in every part of the town. Moreover, at daylight on every morning after a severe storm he was at his post in the tower searching the rips and shoals about the island with his glass for signs of wrecks or vessels in distress; and there is no doubt many a poor sailor owes his life to the relief expeditions which often resulted from Billie's vigils and the quick alarm given on such occasions. With

all his peculiarities (and he had many) William D. Clark was a valuable citizen, and his place has never been and never can be filled.

"Al" Hull.

The very last of Nantucket's criers, Alvin Hull, who died a few years ago, was a born humorist. His wit was spontaneous, and he had the gift of self-advertisement to a remarkable degree. Having, on one occasion completed the rounds of the town, and called for his pay, he greeted his employer thus:

"How'd you like the cry I gave you? Well, I tell you, I meant to give you a good one. I went out in the afternoon and I sez—Now if that ain't enough, I'll cry again after supper, when the folks are all out on the piazzas and down to the wharf. And there was something about the air last night that was jest right for crying. I sez to my wife when I stepped out o'-doors, 'It seems 'sif I jest *wanted* to cry.' And then the hour, 7.45—I don't know what there is about it, but seems 'sif I could jest warble forth 7.45."

SOME LOCAL SIMILES.

The speech of the older generation of Nantucketers is full of quaint similes, most of which refer to some old story. In some cases the story has been forgotten, while the expression still remains. We have succeeded in collecting a number of these odd sayings with the accompanying stories:

As Mad as Tucker.

Tucker was one of those gentle souls whose heart was bigger than his brains. His only relation and caretaker was a grandmother to whom he was as deeply attached as his feeble mental capacity would permit. When this poor innocent was seen on the street one day, crying bitterly, the compassionate neighbors hastened to inquire the cause. "I'm so mad," he sobbed. "I'm so mad. Granny's dead and I'm so mad I don't know what to do." The poor fellow could not even distinguish between his emotions, and although not wholly unsympathetic, the Nantucketers could not refrain from their inalienable right to seize upon a joke by using the simile, "As mad as Tucker when his granny died."

"As Weak as Annie Burrill's Tea."

Annie Burrill was so flustered when she entertained the minister that she forgot to put any tea in the tea-pot, serving him with a nice cup of freshly-boiled water. When asked if his tea was satisfactory, his reply was: "It has no bad taste, madam." Thus the expression became a simile for weakness in her day.

"As Bad as Old Skitzy."

Skitzy remarked one day, "Now, wife, that cheese is all gone, and I've had none of it." "Well, why didn't you eat some?" she asked. "Why, I don't like cheese," answered Skitzy.

"As Handy as Caleb's Cheese."

It is said that Caleb Macy was (unlike Skitzy) so fond of cheese that he kept one hanging by a string in his sitting-room, "so's to have it handy;" hence the expression.

A Poor Gamaliel.

Gamaliel, a poor good-for-nothing, coming home one night, said to his long-suffering wife: "Well, I've sold my horse." "Have you? What did you get for it?" "Why—a cart!" Hence, the expression, "a poor Gamaliel" has a deep significance to the Nantucketer.

"You Haven't Got Dinah Paddock to Deal With."

Dinah Paddock was a weak-minded woman whom the boys delighted to tease, when playing around her door. After she moved away, they began playing the same tricks on her successor, but she soon scattered them, saying: "I'll let you know you haven't got Dinah Paddock to deal with." This became a simile for efficiency for that day and generation.

"Keeping Still Like Uncle Jimmy."

In the old days, when families laid in the winter's supply of beef and pork in barrels, Uncle Jimmy missed, little by little, the pork from the barrel which

stood in the yard. He suspected a certain man, but said nothing.

Fourteen years went by, and one day, in talking of losses, the man whom he had suspected, said: "Uncle Jimmy, you never found out who took that pork, did you?" "No," said Uncle Jimmy, "*not till this day.*" Out of this incident grew the well-known expression, "keeping still like Uncle Jimmy."

"No More Use for Them Than Meader Had for His Teeth"

A man named Meader, living during the war of 1812, applied to his neighbor for the loan of a hammer. Being asked why he wished it, he replied: "To knock out my teeth. I have no need of them, for I can get nothing to eat." Hence the saying among old Nantucketers, "I have no more use for it than Nick Meader had for his teeth."

A Shrinking Bride-elect.

Someone once asked Uncle Amaziah how soon his daughter Susan who had been betrothed for some time, was to be married. "Oh, pretty soon now," was the reply. "She's only waiting for her gums to shrink." The seeker for information was somewhat puzzled for a time until further inquiry revealed the fact that Susan had recently had her whole "upper set" extracted, preparatory to having some new store teeth, so that she might make a good appearance as a bride. So when an engagement is unduly prolonged, those in the know are apt to say, "She must be like Susan, waiting for her gums to shrink."

Liked His Own Way Best.

Bill Munn was a menial in the employ of a light-house keeper many years ago. He was one day writing to friends, and finally, after a few moments of deep thought, asked a member of the household how he spelled sugar. He was told; and then responded: "I have writ it 'shugar,' and I like my own way best." Hence the old-time Nantucketer, may, in his response to a query as to why he did not do a piece of work differently, be likely to reply: "I'm like Bill Munn —I like my own way best."

Chapter VII.

BURYING GROUND AFTERMATH.

THE half dozen or more burying grounds of the island furnish much of interest and humor in their often strange epitaphs. It would be wholly without the bounds of possibility to endeavor to give anything like a general presentation of all that have been collected, but the choice ones that have come to notice will perhaps entertain and not prove boresome. And, too, it is possible to append a few ludicrous episodes and conditions connected with funerals, etc.

Cautionary Signals.

"Stop, kind reader, and shed a tear
O'er the dust that slumbers here;
And when you read the fate of me
Think on the glass that runs for thee."

"Stop, my friend, as you pass by;
As you am now so once was I.
As I am now, so must you be;
Prepare for death and follow me.
Follow me and be you wise,
And up to Heaven you will arise."

Playing the Hose.

An old Nantucket scrap-book credits the following epitaph to "a Hosier stone":

"He left his hose his Hannah and his love
To go and sing Hosannah in the realms above."

At Anchor.

The following epitaph was alleged by the Boston Sentinel to have been inscribed on a tombstone in Nantucket. It was not to be found in any burial ground on the island in 1835, and beyond question deserves a niche in the same Temple of Fame where the story of "Nantucket's First Tea" is so carefully and elaborately embalmed:

"Free from the storms and gusts of human life.
Free from the squalls of passion and of strife,
Here lies Reuben Chase anchored, who stood the sea
Of ebbing life and flowing misery;
He luffed and bore away to please mankind,
Yet duty urged him still to head the wind;
Rheumatic gusts at length his mast destroyed,
But jury health awhile he still enjoyed.
'Tho not dandy rigged, his prudent eye foresaw.
He took a reef at fortune's quickest flaw.
Worn out with age and shattered head,
At last he struck and grounded on his bed.
There in distress careening thus he lay,
His final bilge expecting every day;
Heaven took his ballast from his dreary hold,
And left his body destitute of soul."

Cheerful Amid the Surroundings.

In one of the cemeteries is a tombstone bearing the following line in tribute to the memory of the departed:

"She was so pleasant."

"Here and There" in Verse.

The following is an epitaph to be found in the Old South burying ground, and gives poetical expression to

a supposedly family difference of opinion as to where the body should be laid:

"However dear, she's not laid here;
Some private grief was her disease.
Laid to the North,* her friends to please."

*North burying ground.

Newtown.

Don't Crowd the Mourners.

When you read what is here
Think on the mourners and drop a tear.

Newtown Burying Ground, 1815.

One Smile.

My life in infant's days was spent
While to my parents i was lent
One smiling look to them i gave
Then descended to the grave.

Old North, 1802.

A Good Asset.

He has left an affectionate widow to lament the loss.

Old North, 1803.

Watch Your Step.

Learn then ye living, by these mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instruction true,
That soon or late, death is your lot
And the next opening grave may
yawn for you.

Old North, 1812.

Recorded.

Seven years ago thy birth was given.

Old North, 1836.

Next!

Stop gentle reader and think awhile
On them that lies beneath this soil
Perhaps it may be your next lot
To be intomb'd on the next spot.

Newtown, 1828.

No Escape.

Death is a debt to Nature due
Which I have paid, and so must you.

Old North, 1828.

Philosophical.

When soul and body did unite
In me my parents took delight
The scene's changed; the separation made
And I am numbered with the dead.
Both old and young may plainly see
That youth was no defence for me.
Death's summons we must all obey
And mingle with our mother clay.

Old North, 1802.

Waiting the Trump.

Reader! Farewell until the
Red morning of the resurection
Sparkles over yonder hills.

Old North, 1837.

Bah!

She tasted of life's bitter cup
Refused to drink the potion up,
But turned her little head aside
Disgusted with the taste, and died.

Newtown, 1886.

Full to the Brim.

Beneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as can die
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

Old North, 1820.

Vanity and Smoke.

This mortal life decays apace
How soon the bubble's broke
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.

Old North, 1806.

Weather Had Changed.

Cousin Lydia Monroe had been a boarder with uncle John Sherman's family prior to her decease. Some time after her burial, two well-born ladies met Uncle John on the street one evening, and thought to have a bit of fun at his expense. One of them started the ball with: "Good evening, Uncle John," to which the old gentleman politely responded. Then the second lady asked: "Have you heard from Cousin Liddy, Uncle John?" "Oh, yes," came the reply, "We heerd yisterday, and she's sent for her summer clothes."

"Two in a Hill."

It was during an epidemic of canker rash in the town, and there were numerous deaths, which gave Uncle Cyrus Hussey rather more digging than he could manage, so he dug the next grave and each subsequent one a trifle wider, and buried two bodies in each excavation. But someone got on to the fact and reported

to the person in authority, and it being against the belief of Quakers, the practice was soon stopped. But ever after that Uncle Cyrus was referred to as "Two in a Hill."

Buried in Two Sections.

At the time Uncle Cromwell Coffin died at his home at the North Shore, on the present site of Sea Cliff Inn, Uncle "Liphey" Paddock was sexton. It was the custom in those days, after the service, for the corpse to be placed in the hearse before any person left the house, and the driver then moved away to make room for the carriages for the family and other mourners. Uncle Liphey was a bit "hard of hearing," but understood his job generally. The coffin was placed in the hearse, and Uncle Liphey drove off, halting at a respectable distance. Somebody then told him to move on, with the purpose of making room for more carriages at the door. He thought it was the signal to proceed and started off, the immediately-following vehicles moving with him; and this first section proceeded down the hill, through Centre street, beyond the curve, before the second section got under way. When the "first carriage" of this second section reached Lily street, the driver thought the others had passed that way, and drove in, the others following. Meanwhile Uncle Liphey's section had reached Main street, and started westward for the burying ground. About this time Samuel Remsen, a "carman," drove up and essayed to get ahead of the funeral cortege. Uncle Liphey, who was a "rough stick," thought this was a challenge,

and exclaiming: "Not by a d—d sight, Sam Remsen! You can't beat me!" whipped up his horse, and went prancing up Main street at a lively gait, the others hurrying to keep pace. Uncle Cromwell's remains were duly placed in the grave, and as the "first section" drove out to the street, the "second section" was just coming up. It was Uncle Liphey's last day as sexton.

Chapter VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS SCRAPS.

Any Way to Get There.

DURING the "gold rush" for California in '49, hundreds of Nantucket men and many from off-island took ship direct from here to San Francisco. The following bona fide conversation was reported at the time:

Stranger—How much do you ask, Mr. ——, for a cabin passage to California?

Ship-owner—One hundred dollars cash down in advance. But I can't take you—all full in the cabin.

Stranger—Well, suppose I go in the hold, how much do you ask then?

Ship-owner—Eighty dollars; but I can't take you. Hold is full.

Stranger—But can't I go in the fore peak? What is the price of a passage there?

Ship-owner—Eighty dollars, but I can't take you. Full, fore and aft.

Stranger—Well, can't I go aloft somewhere? and suppose I do, what will you charge?

Ship-owner—We charge eighty dollars to go any-

where; but can't carry you aloft. Got to carry provisions there.

Stranger—It is a hard case, isn't it? But as I want to go tolerably bad, what will you charge to tow me?

The ship-owner retreated suddenly, and didn't make his appearance again until the vessel sailed.

Specie Payments.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century it was no unusual event for Boston banks to take the bills of country banks to the bank of issue and demand specie. One day, without warning, the Boston agent arrived in Nantucket with $50,000 in Nantucket bank bills and demanded specie. The bank officers tendered him $70,000 in Boston notes and demanded the specie balance. The agent declined the tender, so while the tellers were counting out the specie the Nantucket bank officials sent an agent to Boston with the Boston bank notes and held back every vessel from sailing until he returned. And the Boston agent was compelled to wait until he saw the Nantucket bank gain $20,000 in specie by his attempted sharp practice.

Poor but Proud.

The fame of Nantucket's sweet-toned Portuguese bell, which hangs in the "South tower," having reached as far as Boston at a time when a certain very prosperous religious society of the Hub was building a new church, it is related that the building committee of the Boston society wrote to the Nantucket society which

owns the bell, stating that they had a fine new church and asking if the Nantucket society cared to sell its bell. The Nantucket society replied promptly, stating that they had a fine old bell, and asking if the Boston society wanted to sell its church.

A Genealogist.

The following incident illustrates well the familiarity of Nantucketers with matters pertaining to genealogy. A former librarian of the Atheneum went home one evening, deep in thought, and said to her sister: "Ann W. Starbuck has been taking out books as a member of the family of George P. Starbuck, but I cannot seem to recall the connection." Without a moment's hesitation her sister answered: "Ann W. Starbuck's mother's father's first wife's husband was a brother of George P. Starbuck's mother."

Retribution.

A good Quaker lady who was keen on genealogy, exasperated at being unable to rouse any enthusiasm for the subject in the mind of her younger sister, exclaimed one day: "Well, I wish thee might be left a legacy sometime, and be unable to get it because thee could not prove thy relationship".

True Economy.

Two men met on the street one day, and in the course of conversation the one said to the other: "How do you manage to feed your large family with your mall income?" "Well," he responded, "I'll tell you.

A NANTUCKET GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I find out what they don't like and give 'em plenty of it.''

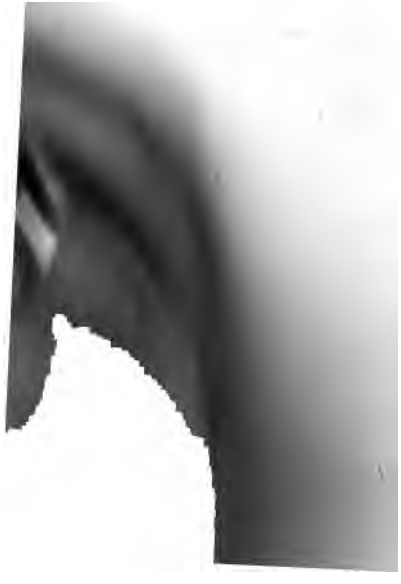
(Note—The above story was related by Rev. Robert Collyer in the course of a lecture in a city far from Nantucket some years ago. A lady in the audience rose and confirmed the truth of the story, stating that she was one of the large family referred to.)

An Impatient Swain.

A dweller on the Hinsdale road wooed and won a fair maiden living on a farm in Polpis. It was arranged that the marriage should take place in town. On the nuptial morning the bridegroom hitched up and started for town. Meeting a homeward-bound Polpis rig on the road, he called out: ''Say, if you see Sarah Abbie anywhere along the road, tell her to hurry up.''

The Law and the Profits.

A certain old mason of Nantucket, being asked to figure on a new chimney for a wealthy ''squire'' who had the reputation of being rather ''near,'' named a price which was as low as he felt he could do an honest job for. Still the customer was not satisfied and insisted on beating him down. He needed the work and was willing to sacrifice any possible profit if he could get ''a decent day's pay'' out of it, so after considerable haggling, he took the contract at a figure which was far too low even for that. He built a first-class chimney, but it would not draw, and when the first fire was started the squire's house was filled with smoke. In a rage, he sought the mason and made his complaint. ''Well,'' said the artisan, ''of course you must have



known I couldn't guarantee the job at that price." "But what will it cost to make it right?" queried the now penitent customer, visions of a complete rebuilding of the structure at more than the original cost, flitting through his mind. After some further bargaining the mason agreed to correct any fault in the chimney and guarantee the job for an additional twenty dollars, which was about the amount of profit he had figured in his original estimate. The following day, when the customer was down town, the mason climbed to the roof of the house, tied a brick to the end of a piece of twine and dropped it down the chimney from the top. A few well-directed strokes with the brick smashed the light of glass he had carefully set in the flue, and the chimney "drew" perfectly forever after.

"A Window in Thrums."

A dear old lady whose chief occupation and pleasure were "watching the pass go by," was heard to remark: "By the looks of that package I think Zimri Coffin has bought a piece of cheese."

Durance Vile.

Some one asked the Nantucket jailer how he made sure that all his prisoners were in when he locked up at night. "Oh," he said, easily, "I just call in at the door, 'Boys, are you there?' and they answer, 'Yes, we're here.' "

Cast Off the Painter.

A certain local painter, who was rather "poor pay" had long owed The Inquirer a bill for advertising.

On being dunned rather hard by Mr. Jenks, the editor, he finally said, "If I don't pay you that money by next Thursday, it'll be because I'm dead." Friday's issue of The Inquirer contained an obituary notice of the painter, written in Jenks' best style.

It Pays to Advertise.

The Inquirer of April 25, 1829, published the following:

Special Notice.

The person who STOLE the subscriber's Wheel Barrow is requested to call and take the side boards which belong to it.

E. W. Tallant.

In much more recent times a local tailor advertises: "If the person who borrowed my snips will return them, I can lend them to someone else."

A Few Who'd "Come Over the Bar Without Camels."

That not all Nantucketers are brilliant will be seen by the following collection of anecdotes.

It was a Nantucket man who, in order to estimate the requisite amount of wall paper bordering needed for a room, borrowed a step ladder from his neighbor, so as to measure for it.

A good Nantucket woman whose place was in the home said that on short days she always put the potatoes on earlier.

And it must have been the same resourceful housekeeper who said that, when she wanted an extra good cake, she just doubled all the ingredients.

At a time when a well was being dug in a Nantucket backyard and had reached a goodly depth, the lady of the house went out there with a hand mirror, to try to see the bottom by reflecting the light into the depths. This so alarmed the unsuspecting digger that he called out in terrified tones: "H'ist me up, Ephraim, h'ist me up, for I see the light of another world."

Uncle Jed Russell, when he received a check for the first time (amount $30), was told to take it to the bank and get the cash. He went in, and slapping the paper on the counter with his big hand, blurted out: "Now, William Mitchell, I guess I've got you stuck. Look at that! Too much for your old bank, eh? Wall, if yer can't give me the whole at one time, give me what yer can!"

Charles died rather suddenly, and a friend said to the widow sympathetically, "'Well, Eliza, Charles went off rather unexpectedly, didn't he?" "Ye-e-s, he went off like a Gun!"

One mother kept her daughter in because she did not "like she to mix with those other girls."

A good woman one day told with pride she had had her last fall's bonnet "re-mo-delled."

A local church deacon one day made this announcement: "Arter this arternoon this arternoon's service will be drapped."

A good man said his wife was just "gittin' better from 'penumia' ".

Another citizen referred to the new "tarpeter" boats the government was constructing.

Wet Line.

In Mr. Joseph E. C. Farnham's book, "Memories of my Boyhood Days in Nantucket," he speaks of the little store kept by the respected, innocent and inoffensive Quaker, Edward Mitchell, whither boys and girls would go for school supplies Naughty boys would sometimes go in in pairs, and while one would engage the attention of the unsuspecting Edward, the other seizing the end of the suspended ball of string would start out of the doorway, with the line a-running, calling out "wet line, Edward, wet line!" Not being mentally quick enough to seize the scissors and cut the string, he would stand gaping at it as it unwound, until the whole ball had extended itself up Main street or through Fair street opposite his store.

The Finishing Touch.

We may perhaps admire the intensity of purpose and singleness of soul of that Nantucket woman who, having lost her case in court, visited the opposing lawyer and called him every opprobrious epithet which she could think of. But after she got home she thought of one more; so she donned her bonnet and shawl, returned to his office and called him that.

En Passant.

A knowledge of the island geography is necessary to the proper appreciation of this one.

Long ago, on the occasion of one of the famous old-fashioned tea-parties, given by the keeper's wife at Great Point, a wagon-load of the guests from town

stopped at Aunt Love's in Polpis to take her with them. But they found the dear old lady much perturbed by some occurrence and in no mood for festivities. She refused emphatically to attend the party, and her friends were obliged to go on without her. They had not been long in their hostess' sitting room at Great Point, however, when Aunt Love walked in upon them, remarking coolly that she "was just going by and thought she might as well stop."

She Knew Him.

A certain Nantucket Micawber, whose promise to pay was as good for a dollar as it was for a thousand (and no better) came home one day and announced to his wife that he had bought a horse. "What did you give for it?" asked the wife. "Oh, I gave my note," he answered, blandly. "Cheap enough," quoth the wife, "Why didn't you get a span?"

Her Mistake.

The story is told of a good woman who rushed from her home one day and held up the sexton driving along with the hearse. She realized her mistake, and apologizing, said she thought it was the "bake-cart" (meaning baker's wagon.)

Didn't Like Her "Unworried" Attitude.

A 'Sconseter of a former generation had been "to town" (meaning Nantucket), where he had met convivial companions. He finally reached his own door-yard, only to find his better half away. His horse finally put up, he started to find the good wife, whom

he discovered at a neighbor's, having a social sitting. By this time he had become a bit testy, and blurted out: "Oh here you are, settin' as unworried as if the Devil had you, while I've been under the wheel three times." The old fellow had fallen out, as he stated, three times on the homeward trip. He it was who always said, when referring to his boots, that he wore "eightsies."

Preparedness.

Uncle "Liphey" Paddock was of somewhat unusual type, and his name will figure again in another story. It is told that the night he died, he roused and inquired of the "watcher" (term used for night nurse in those days) what the hour was. It was then near midnight. He asked what time the tide changed, and was told. "Well," he said, "you go out and get the "board" (there was always a board kept in certain households for "laying out" bodies) and bring it here, for I'll die about the time the tide turns, and I don't want you people running around all excited after a board, and ev'rybody hollerin' 'Is Liphey Paddock dead? Has Liphey Paddock died? You jest git the board, now, and we'll save lots of that fussin.' "

To the Rescue.

Another citizen (a resident of New Dollar lane) is said to have enacted the role of preparedness. He had a nearby neighbor who was given to intoxication, and often there were drunken brawls on the premises. One night in particular things were a little more turbulent than usual, and there came the cry: "Murder!

Murder! Help! Help!" Hastening through to his back yard, he caught up the axe lying against the chopping block, and going to the back fence, mounted the lower stringer, that he might see into his neighbor's yard, and, waving his axe, shouted: "I heard the cry of murder, and I've come prepared." Whenever you hear a Nantucketer say he has "come prepared," you may know he refers to the above incident.

Ready for the Fray.

An islander who liked the good things of this life went to a tea party at a friend's, and partook heartily of the goodies spread before him. His hostess finally urged him to have more, and he yielded to the gentle persuasion with the remark: Well, don't mind if I do, for I've come with my 'squantum' vest on." And he actually had worn a large size waistcoat, that he could cater to his taste without restraint.

Millinery Out of the Question.

A former Nantucket sexton was besought by his daughter for permission to purchase a new bonnet. His reply was: "No, daughter, thee cannot have any new head-gear now, for I haven't buried a living soul for two weeks."

Liked to Keep Books.

The story is told of a respected Portugusese citizen who kept a grocery. A townsman went to the store with his jug for molasses, and when ready, he asked the price, prepared to pay cash, when he was taken aback by this reply: "Feety cents; but if I sharge (charge) him, he be 40 cents."

Sociable.

Speaking of their husbands' qualifications, two good widow ladies vied with each other in telling of the merits of their respective respected departed. "Well, Keziah, I know that Reuben was one who cared for thee diligently; but my Hezekiah was splendid in many ways. He was sociable. He would sit with his feet on the mantel-tree (mantelpiece) and spit, and spit, and spit. Oh! He was *so* sociable!"

Belay, All!

Capt. Stephen Bailey, discussing with friends the merits of careful saving, remarked: "When you start the standin' riggin' of a five-dollar bill, there's but d—d little left."

Forty Years Wrong.

It was on 'Sconset bank, many years ago, that Capt Alex. Bunker, keeper of Sankaty light, was having a gam with a lot of 'Sconseters, during which he pointed his finger and said: "That's due east from here." "Guess you're mistaken, Capt. Bunker," said one of his hearers. The old skipper, who was of stubborn disposition, took immediate exception to this interference with his opinion, and his opponent, knowing well whom he had to deal with, slipped quietly home and brought forth a compass. Setting it on a post, he remarked: "Now, Captain, satisfy yourself." The old skipper squinted and looked, and looked and squinted, finally blurting out: "Well, well, Mr. Morris, I've lived in error these forty year."

Hove Him To.

Uncle Fred had a blacksmith shop on Old North wharf, and was possessed of a bit of sporting blood, so always kept a shot gun at hand, once in a while getting a chance to shoot at a duck. The denizens about the wharves knew of his fondness for shooting and his weakness as a marksman, and often reported when game was in sight. One day a lad, scenting fun, called the good smith's attention to a loon swimming in the dock, and Uncle Fred started out to get him. Bang! went his gun, when the lad shouted: "Did you get him, Uncle Fred?" "No-o-o!" was the reply; but I made him ta-a-a-ck ship!"

Cherchez la Femme.

There is a story of one Nathaniel Worth, who, one day when his son called to see him, took the young man out to inspect a new colt, of which he was very proud. As they walked around the animal, which stood by its mother in the barn-yard, suddenly the colt let fly a tiny hoof, and as Nathaniel happened to be in the way, he received a rather severe kick. Seizing a stick the old man began to belabor the mare. "Why, father," remonstrated the son, "it was the colt that kicked you—not the mare." "I know it," said Nathaniel, "but didn't you see her give him the wink?"

No Regrets ?

One of the Husseys sends this one:

Father and Mother Hussey planned to entertain their relatives at Christmas time, but when the list was made out, the number was appalling, and they won-

dered if they could do it, without slighting some of them. Mother took a hopeful view of the matter, however, saying, "Oh well, of course they won't all come; probably not more than half. You go ahead, Father, and invite them." So Father started out with the list. He was gone a long time. Mother met him at the door, saying, "Well, how many accepted?" "Not a devil of a one *refuses!*" was the emphatic reply.

Call All Hands.

Alfred Folger's seven sons were, it is said, summoned to the noon meal by their mother in this wise:

"John M. and Henry B.,
William A. and Hiram C.,
Alfred, Charles and Roland C.,
Wash up and come to dinner."

Asked for Prayers.

In some of the Nantucket churches it was formerly customary when a church member sailed on a voyage to the Pacific for his wife to hand in a notice to be read from the pulpit, somewhat to this effect: "Capt. Peter Coffin, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." It so happened on one such occasion that an off-island minister happened to be substituting for the regular pastor. We may imagine the sensation produced when it was announced with all due solemnity that "Capt. Peter Coffin having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

No Wonder They Prospered.

During the palmy days of the whaling industry, when Nantucket's sperm and whale oil were lighting

the world, her own streets were dark. Many attempts were made to get the town to introduce a street lighting system, but the proposition was invariably voted down at the annual town meeting. The unanswerable logic of the argument advanced by its opponents always carried the day. Stated briefly this was: that if the price of oil was low, no one could afford to pay the extra tax necessary, while if the price was high, it would be extravagant, and the town could not afford it. So they exported all their oil, and either groped their way about or remained indoors after dark.

A Man of Taste.

Ariel Cathcart (always called Uncle 'Riel) kept a small notions store on Orange street, and displayed in his windows tin-capped glass jars of "stick" candy to tempt the young people's cents to his till. One day two girls visited the emporium, each with a cent, and each requesting a "stick of pep'mint." Lifting the cover, Uncle 'Riel fingered deftly among the bunch of barber-pole sweets, and drawing forth two, touched each to his protruded tongue-tip, and handed them over to the waiting misses with the remark: "Yes, them's pep'mint."

W W—Mixed—M M.

Uncle Alec was a right good cobbler and had the patronage of the leading citizens. He was, unfortunately, forgetful, and being aware of the fact, made it a rule to mark in chalk on the sole of every pair of boots brought him to repair the initials of the owner. One day William Worth left footwear to be mended,

and immediately Uncle Alec caught up his chalk and marked on each sole, W W. Later on as he came to these boots, he put the mark W W on each new sole, and stood them aside until he found time to deliver them. Then, taking them up, he saw the marks in reversed form—M M, and off he trudged with them to Matthew Myrick, who denied the soft impeachment of ownership, when the truth finally dawned on Uncle Alec, who enjoyed the joke on himself as much as others did who were knowing to the story.

According to Her Light.

A venerable Liberty street woman of some 90 summers lived with her daughter. One day the old lady, who was quite active for her years, started to cross the room (which she alone occupied), and unfortunately tripped over a hit-or-miss rug, and fell to the floor heavily. The daughter heard the thud and rushed from the kitchen to find her mother just arising from the floor. Taking hold to assist, she said, "Mother, have you hurt you?" "Have I hurt me, Jeddy (Judith)! Have I hurt me!! Well, I guess you'd think you'd hurt ye if ye pitched down and your eyes struck fire and your teeth flew!" The old lady, while not seriously hurt, had the misfortune to knock out her sole remaining bicuspid, which had long stood its ground as a sort of carelessly-placed-on-one-side sentinel in the good woman's mouth.

Liked His Mixed.

Uncle James Paddock was telling a lot of friends one day that he liked his pork fat and lean, and always

fed his hogs to that end. "How d'ye do it, Uncle Jim?" piped up Barney Coffin. "Oh, that's easy enough," said Uncle Jim. "I jest feed 'em heavy to-day, and tomorrow give 'em nothin'. No trouble 'bout it."

Knew the Course.

The story is told of the late Capt. Paul West that, coming on deck one day, he said to the helmsman, "How does she head?" "Nor'west by west, half west, a little westerly," was the reply. "Um-m-m!" growled the skipper, "if you could get another west in that course, I'd give you a glass of grog." "Nor'west by west, half west, a little westerly, Captain West," was the quick response. "Come below, you rascal, when your trick at the wheel is up," said the skipper as he started away, grinning.

There is an old conundrum in verse:

"The wind was West,
And West steered we.
The wind was right aft,
Now how could that be?"

Answer—Paul West had the wheel.

"Cur'us! Very Cur'us."

Uncle Cyrus Hussey was employed to saw a limb from a tree, and (as has happened in other instances) sat on the limb while he cut, with the result that he and the limb came to earth together. Later, whenever questioned as to his escapade, his reply was always: "Cur'us! Very cur'us!"

"Sauce for the Goose", Etc.

A local mason was doing a job of mason work in the basement of a leading citizen's house, having with him John, a journeyman. During his stay on the job the boss came across a jug of "Oh Be Joyful" and helped himself once or twice, undiscovered. Later, John caught on, and watching his opportunity, got to the jug. But the boss discovered him in the act and remonstrated. John came back with: "Well, I guess what's good for —— is good for John."

Appearances Sometimes Deceitful.

A worthy citizen was before the court as defendant in divorce proceedings, during which the presiding justice said, "Well, Mr. ——, you and Mrs. —— had always lived happily up to the time under consideration, had you not?" Quietly the reply came: "Apparently."

"Strike While the Iron's Hot."

A woman in a somewhat perturbed frame of mind, had a neighbor drop in for a little social call, and finally urged her to look after the children for a few minutes "while I run over to Becky Holmes's to 'sass' her."

Keen Discrimination.

Two women were discussing the merits of mackerel and codfish, when one piped up with the remark: "Well, for my part I think mack'rel spawn is fur before codfish breech." (The Nantucketer calls the spawn of the cod "breeches," probably from its resemblance to that article of male attire).

Quite Swell.

Uncle Frankie thought he would have rice for his dinner one day. He was living alone, his wife being "off-island" for a visit. He was not an expert chef, and poured into the kettle what he deemed would make a good "mess." The vegetable began soon to take on life, and it was not long 'ere Uncle Frankie had all the bowls from the pantry heaping full. The Nantucketer keeps the story alive by using the term "Like Uncle Frankie's Rice" to explain that somebody had too much of a good thing.

And He Was.

A local "nebulous policeman," on duty on the "Square," was charged with keeping persons moving, and not permitting loitering on the corners. He came upon the late Charles Henry Webb, who was standing on the curb, and stepping up, said: "You can't stand here!" "But I am," replied Charles Henry.

Someone once went to sell Mr. Webb some "breeches and chittlings." He went to the door and the man asked: "Want to buy any in'ards?" Webb looked into the pail, and said: "F-f-f-or God's s-sake, whose?"

Nobody From Cambridge Had Applied.

A lady summer resident one day stalked into a room in the Town's Building, where the chairman of the Board of Selectmen was sitting, inquired for that personage, and on being presented, broke out irately in

denunciation of the (from her angle of view) careless and unsatisfactory manner in which the garbage of the town was collected and removed. She talked on vigorously, the official giving polite attention without an interruption When the good woman had run down, his chairmanship agreed to all she had said, suavely indicated his desire that things could be improved, and closed with the remark: "You may not perhaps know the fact, my good lady, but up to the present we have been unable to get any Harvard graduate to apply for the job, and we are doing the best we can." The lady had a sense of humor and a lot of sound judgment, and fully appreciated the situation, leaving in a greatly comforted mental condition, after thanking the chairman.

On the Quiet.

The late Charles O'Conor, the eminent New York lawyer, spent his last days as a resident of Nantucket, and patronized the barber shop of Rev. James E. Crawford, who was a somewhat garrulous colored preacher as well as a tonsorial artist. On his first visit to the shop, Mr. Crawford was overwhelmed and bestowed every attention on his new patron, talking his very best all the time. When Mr. O'Conor was seated in the chair, Mr. Crawford asked: "How would you like to be shaved, sir?" "In silence," was the blunt response.

"Some" Day.

"Well, this is a beautiful morning, Mr. Crawford," said a citizen to the veteran colored barber and

preacher. "Yes, yes; perfectly goddeous!" was the response.

The Rat Hole.

"Uncle Brown" Gardner was one of the beloved of the Siasconset fishermen of a generation or two ago, and his cottage on Broadway in that village was the nightly rendezvous of the male population. It was there the writer heard this story related. It seems "Uncle Brown," after getting his tide's catch of cod into the fish-house, went home for dinner, later returning to dress the fish for salting. While he was absent, some wag took a rat he had caught and pushed it into the paunch of a big cod. When the old skipper opened up this fish he was amazed to find the rodent, and showed it about among his mates as a rather remarkable feature, and it was long afterwards before he knew the real truth. He enjoyed the joke and always referred to the spot where he was anchored that day as "The Rat Hole."

Steadying Her Nerves.

A venerable lady, active for her years, was tripping along the street one morning, when she was accosted by a maiden lady contemporary with her, but whom she had not met for a long period. "Isn't this Mary ——? Yes, I thought so, but haven't seen you for years. Aren't you out a great deal? See you pass frequently and you must be feelin' pretty smart. I am quite well, but not as well as I wish I was. I'm takin' Moxie."

Artist Should Have Paid Him Well.

Years ago a popular artist painted a portrait of the late Joseph Starbuck, one of the oil magnates of his time. One day his hired man, Patrick, was called in to see if he recognized it. The Irishman looked at it a long time, and from all angles, and finally burst out with: "Wal!, enny man who niver saw Misther Starbuck would know it was him!"

Knew Art Wherever Found.

A young man of the town was at a card party given by a friend, there being a large attendance. His luck was with him and he won the leading prize, which the hostess presented with the remark that the article was hand-painted. "So are our back steps," blurted the young man.

"Thee Think and I'll Saw."

A boy sent on an errand to an old Quaker carpenter, found him sawing through the ceiling of his shop. The sight of the stern visage glaring down at him through the hole so startled the boy that he could not remember his errand, but could only stammer: "Father wants—father wants—now—now, father wants"—The carpenter, noting the boy's trepidation, finally said, not unkindly: "All right, son; thee think and I'll saw," and went on with his work.

A Tightwad.

Uncle Bihu Bunker and his good wife Aunt Ruth lived in a house on Main street that was known locally as the Knife-Box, from its peculiar architecture. Aunt

Ruth had been ill for some time. One day the old gentleman was on his way down town, when a friend inquired: "How's Aunt Ruth today, Uncle Bihu?" "O, there she lays, a bill of expense." Hence the expression when a Nantucketer refers to some extravagant person or article as "A bill of expense, like Bihu's wife."

"Troublous Times."

Uncle H—— lived in the south part of the town and was of that class of persons who are "always in hot water." One morning a neighbor saw him rushing excitedly about and ventured the question: "Well, what's the trouble this morning, Uncle H——?" "Trouble! Trouble!! Trouble enough, I tell ye! My pig's got away, my wife's died, and I can't find my pea jacket! Trouble! Trouble!! Nothin' but trouble!"

Self Preservation.

Uncle Christopher was a well-to-do Quaker, as well as a benevolent one. Uncle Al, his neighbor, was also a good soul, but not so well supplied in the way of worldly goods. Thus it frequently happened (the two men being about the same physique) that some of Christopher's half-worn clothing was transferred to Uncle Al. One day the latter, dressed in a long "outside coat" of his benefactor, was passing through the street, when a bunch of lads, mistaking him for Uncle Christopher, commenced shouting, "Good morning, Uncle Christopher!" Turning to them, Uncle Al said mildly: "Thank thee, lads; thank thee. I trust the Devil will make the same mistake."

The Limit.

A Nantucket skipper was cruising in high latitudes when one day he noted the mate come below and get his pea jacket from his state-room, put it on and go on deck. The captain soon followed him, when he saw the second officer go and look at the thermometer, which was always fastened to the mizzen-mast, and he, too, went below and donned his pea jacket. A little later the colored cook came aft from his galley, glanced at the mercury, and went off for his jacket. This proved too much for the irascible skipper, who blurted out to the mate: "Here, Mr. ——, take off that thermometer and throw it overboard. It's a pretty how-d'ye-do when a dev'lish nigger cook can't tell when it's cold enough for a pea jacket without looking at one of those d—d things. T' hell with it, overboard."

Long Time Absent.

A neighbor dropped in to call on Mary Chase, whose husband had recently "sailed on a Cape Horn voyage." "Well, Mary," she remarked, "how long is it that Paul's been gone?" "Let me see," replied Mary. "Why, day after tomorrow Paul Chase will have been gone three days."

Wanted Channel Clear.

An Orange street lady was entertaining a friend from "off island," and suggested to her husband that he procure a team and take them for a drive. The appointed time came, and the team (a horse and beach wagon) was brought by the stable man and left hitched

to the post. The women were helped to the rear seat, when the husband, who was a retired ship-master, of large frame, "let go the bow hawser," clambered to the front seat, and started up the horse. He was an awkward driver, knowing more about sailing ships than directing equines, and he felt a trifle nervous in his new role. Arriving at Martin's lane (a narrow way, with room only for one team) the captain hauled in and headed west. When well into the lane, in which at that time there was a slight curve, he espied Benjamin Sheffield coming from the opposite direction, on the hearse. Then the skipper's nervousness increased momentarily, and finally, unable to control himself longer, he rose from his seat, leaned out over the dasher, and gesticulating violently, shouted in stentorian voice: "Starn all! Starn all!! with your d—d old hell wagon !!!" There was no resisting such an appeal, and the good-natured sexton soon made a clear channel for the perturbed mariner.

"Pay Out, Mother!"

Nantucket boys all looked forward to the day when they could ship for a whaling voyage round Cape Horn. They thought, talked and dreamed whales and whaling from their earliest years. A story comes down to us of a boy of nine who tied one end of his mother's ball of darning cotton to a steel fork, and tried to harpoon the family cat. As the frightened animal sought to escape, mother entered the room and picked up the ball. The boy, intent only on his "whale," shouted, "Pay out, mother! pay out!! There she 'sounds' through the window!"

A Mark-Up Sale.

So many good things have been preserved in the files of the local papers, we must find a place for a few more:

Samuel B. Romaine, who had a store on Main street, does not appear to be one who had much faith in "mark down" sales. His advertisement in the Inquirer of July 24, 1833, reads:

"20 Per Cent Above Cost.

As the reduction of stock has become so universal, the subscriber offers for sale all he has on hand at the above advance, in lots to suit purchasers for cash, his object being to make money."

The following "Card" was published in The Inquirer of January 12, 1833: "The thief who stole a jug of oil from the North Humane House on Great Point, on Sunday last, is requested to return the jug to the place from which he took it; and he may keep the oil to light his crime-stained steps through Purgatory. And no questions will be asked by Caleb Cushman, Supt."

One of Editor Jenks's esteemed contemporaries having spelled Inquirer with a preliminary E, Mr. Jenks wrote "he'll find himself ill at Es in putting out other people's Is."

Someone having taken the editor to task for mentioning the South tower and omitting to comment on the North one, he hastened to say that a spire has been erected on the North tower 59 feet high from the

ground, that it is a good lookout, is painted and the "materials are almost as durable as the doctrines preached there."

A 'Sconseter's Will.

This last will and testament, dated at 'Sconset, May 30, 1841, was unearthed not long ago:

"I, Obed Gardner, master mariner, now livin at Sconset, write down this will.

Item. I have cruised with my wife, Huldy Jane, since 1811. We signed articles, in town, before the preacher on Independence Day. I want her and my oldest son Jotham to be Captain and mate in bringin to port whatever I leave and to see that every one of the crew gets the lay as writ down on this paper. I put mother in command. I know sheel be Captain anyway, for six months after we started on our life cruise I found out that I was mate and she was master. I don't mean that she ever mutinied, but I no that whenever we didn't agree she always manoovred to windward. May be it is all right for she could sail closer to wind than I could."

After a bequest of an interest in the ship Nancy Rotch, then somewhere on the seas, to his son Jotham, the Captain's will goes on:—

"Item. I want mother to have the house on Union street until she goes aloft. Then I want it to go to the children in equal lays and if any child dies I want the lay of the parent to go to the parent's young ones, but I don't want my daughter Belindy to have anything as long as her husband is livin. He is a lubber, but she has been cruisin with him for years. I haven't got anything partickler agin him, but he doesn't no how to navigate the sea of life. I do believe if he wanted to stop a leak board ship it would be just like him to go

into the hold with an auger and bore a hole threw the plankin to let the bilge water out into the sea.

But Belindy likes him. That's just like a woman. If I should give the lay out-and-out to her, I am afraid her husband would manoover to get it. So I want mother and Jotham to put it out at interest, and give what comes out of it to her until her husband ships for a corpse below decks in the grave yard. Then she can take the lay and do what she wants to with it."

The will went on to cut his son "Ezry" out without a shilling because he had been disobedient and refractory and had run away to sea and to China. Then there was another item:—

"I want mother and Jotham to settle up things as soon as they can break bulk and make a fair divide between the children. But don't forget what I have writ down about mother and Belindy. I don't think Belindy's husband will make any fuss about the way I have taken care of her unless she runs head on to the shoals of a lawyer's office. Then look out for squalls. I hope sheel stand off if she sees a lawyer comin thort her bows."

The will was witnessed by Jethro Coffin, 2d, Eleazur Paddack and Shubael Starbuck, but it was never presented in court for probate because the turn of events made it unnecessary. The Nancy Rotch returned and was sold for a good price. Belindy's husband was drowned by the upsetting of his dory on Miacomet Rip. Ezra returned from China, prosperous and anxious to make amends for past shortcomings, and no one was more delighted to see him than Cap'n Obed. When the latter died, it was at Ezra's suggestion that the whole estate was given to the widow during her lifetime. After her death, at the age of 92, it was divided

among the children, except that Ezra gave his "lay" to Belindy's oldest boy, who had been named for him.

We do not know the origin of this quatrain, nor the occasion it is supposed to celebrate, but it was often quoted in the old days:

They sang "Old Hundred" on the sea;
The fishes heard the racket,
And wondered what the noise could be,
And who was on the packet.

The Friends' version of the well-known rhyme

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November," etc.

will be of interest:

"The ninth, the eleventh, the fourth, the sixth
Have thirty days to each affixed;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except the second alone,
Which hath twenty-eight,
Excepting leap year, (once in four)
When it hath one day more."

Varying Degrees.

"Is thee comfortable, Sarah?" said Cousin Mary to her irascible friend. "Comf't'ble, Mary! Comf't'ble! No, I'm never comf't'ble!" "What I meant, Sarah, was, is thee any less comfortable than usual?"

Chapter IX.

TWENTIETH CENTURY ANECDOTES.

So many good modern stories have found their way into the Scrap Basket from time to time that the compilers have thought best to devote a separate chapter to these more recent contributions to our budget of humor.

Many amusing incidents are related by our summer visitors of their experiences with the carriage drivers who, for a modest stipend, will drive the unsuspecting stranger through the town or over the island roads, describing "all the points of interest" after a fashion of their own. A few of these *bon mots* have been preserved:

Vide Inscription.

A young driver, evidently not to the manner born, or at least unversed in the island traditions, took his passengers through Winter street and pointed out the Coffin School. Asked as to the identity of its founder, he replied: "Well, I don't know much about him, except that 'twas a feller by the name of Bart."

Pitied Their Ignorance.

Another, quite as evidently very much to the manner born, and proud of the fact, confided to a friend, after conducting a party about the town, that he had

been asked what those platforms were on the top of many of the houses. "I told 'em they were 'walks,' " he added, "but I don't know where they'd been all their days."

We Can't Fathom This One.

A party driving through the Sauls Hills country asked the local Jehu where all the big boulders which dot the landscape in that part of the island came from. "Oh, them?" was the reply. "Them was left by the glaciers. At least, that's what the glaciers claim."

Sympathetic, but Practical.

One of the old "Cap'n's" who drove a carriage during the summer months for many years, noting that one of his passengers, a lady, who occupied the front seat with him, was dressed in deep mourning, inquired sympathetically: "Met with a loss, madam?" The lady, though somewhat taken aback by the question, replied quietly, "Yes." After a pause he asked, still sympathetically, "husband?" Again, from the lady, "Yes." Another pause, then, most sympathetically, "hope he left you comf'table."

Had Been "Off."

A Nantucket school teacher in the primary grade asked her pupils one day how many of them had ever been off island. One little girl, whose history the teacher happened to be very well informed about, was among those who raised their hands. "Why, Polly," she said, "I didn't know you had ever been off island. When did you go?" "One day last summer," replied

the little six year old, "papa took me down to Brant Point, and I took off my shoes and stockings and waded right off."

Free Grace.

Another little "daughter," making a visit to Boston, was taking her first meal at a hotel. After the soup was served and they had begun to eat, she suddenly remarked: "O, say, nobody asked a blessing." "Why, Helen," reproved her sister, two years older, "we *pay* here!"

Jordan's a Hard Road to Travel.

A Nantucket boy, having obtained his high school diploma went to Boston to seek his fortune. After a time he "secured a situation," as the home paper puts it, in one of the big department stores. Being young, however, and his duties arduous, the pull of the old home was pretty strong, and nostalgia having won the day, he threw up his job as summer approached and went back to his good mother, who, after greeting him affectionately and providing him with a good hot supper, asked anxiously: "Well, and what did Mr. Jordan say when you left?"

A Kind Employer.

Another boy, after a year in a New York office, was granted the customary fortnight's vacation, which, as might be expected, he elected to spend on the island. Having a grand good time, without consulting his employer, he overstayed his leave several days. About the time he thought of starting back he received

a letter from the office advising him that his vacation was indefinitely extended. This so pleased his innocent old mother that she took the letter round to all the neighbors, "just to show what a nice man Georgie worked for."

Some School Stories.

"English as she is taught" produces much the same results in the Nantucket schools as elsewhere, apparently. On one occasion the late Dr. Sharp, who was an authority on marine biology, spoke on that subject to the pupils of the high school. Part of the information imparted had to do with the spawning habits of certain molluscs. The principal having asked the pupils to write out what they could remember of the lecture, one boy carefully noted and reported the interesting fact that "oysters always spoon in August."

Another incident is related of a girl pupil who glibly recited her well-learned history lesson to the effect that during a certain battle the attacking army ascended the hill "pantaloon after pantaloon."

Another boy gave the definition of bullion as "a little bull."

The Retort Courteous.

As evidence of the fact that despite the foregoing stories, our educational system does "take" sometimes, it is a pleasure to relate the following, which would seem almost too good to be true were it not vouched for on the best of authority.

A Nantucket boy went up on the Ocean House ve-

randa, and accosted a complacent looking fat gentleman who sat with his feet on the rail:

"Want to buy any pond-lilies?" said the boy.

"No, I guess not," said the man; "Making any money, bub?"

"A little," was the reply.

"What do you sell when they're ain't no pond-lilies?" was the next question.

"Oh, sometimes one thing and sometimes another", replied the boy.

"Humph! Don't you go to school?"

"Oh yes; when there is any. School is closed now."

"Do you go to school on Nantucket?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, they have a school here, then, do they?"

"Oh, yes sir."

"Well, what do they learn you in school?"

"Why, they teach us grammar and other things."

He Knew His Place.

That the local boatmen, no less than the carriage drivers, are responsible for their share of the humors of life, is shown by one or two "scraps" which have reached us. They like nothing better than to get one of those amateur sailors of the common or piazza variety out "back of the rips," and soak a little of the brine out of him.

"What would you do," asked the skipper of a catboat on one such occasion, addressing a jolly fresh water tar in a smart yachting cap, if you were aboard

ship and the old man should sing out: "Hey, you Jack, lay aloft there and clew up that fore-to-gallant starboard studd'n's'l boom iron?" After a moment's deep thought, Percy, with a keener perception of the situation and his relation to it than he had perhaps been given credit for, replied with conviction: "I should go right straight home!"

Courtesy Has Its Limits.

Nantucket skippers are always prudent, and usually courteous to the last degree, but we can hardly condone, though we may well understand, this example of pardonable exasperation or the part of one of them at the helm of a boat bound for Wauwinet, with a stiff breeze from the east'ard, and a boat-load of passengers, wearied and grown careless by a constant repetition of apparently senseless tack-tics: "Ready about, now! Ready about! Hard-a-lee! Low bridge, there! Low bridge!! Low Bridge!!!—Well, I shan't say it again, and (sotto voce) I don't care a d—n if some of ye do get a crack on the head!"

A Patent Boat.

"But you can't get home if the wind is dead against you, can you?" inquired an anxious passenger, as they started back from Great Point in a "smoky sou-wester." "Oh yes," replied the skipper, reassuringly, "You see I had this boat made with two sides on purpose, so that when she couldn't sail on one tack, she could on the other. It's the only boat in these waters that's built just that way." And the passenger,

her confidence in the adaptability of the craft and the sagacity of its skipper restored, curled up in her oil-skins and took a nap.

He Needed "A Voyage to Learn."

"I didn't ask for a round-trip ticket," exclaimed an irate passenger on the Gay Head, en route to Nantucket, as the purser detached the Woods-Hole-to-Nantucket coupon and handed back the return portion of the ticket. "I don't want that for anything, you can keep it," he persisted, as the purser pressed the slip on him. "Why, you'll need it to come back on, won't you?" said the official. "Not at all, sir," was the haughty reply, "Not at all! I intend to return some other way."

"Not Unless She's Got Fins."

This reminds us of the incident reported some years ago by the superintendent of the Nantucket Railroad when he received a telegram from the lost car tracer of some Western railroad asking him if freight car No. so and so had by any chance strayed onto the Nantucket road, and got side-tracked.

Oh for the Wings of a Dove.

A super-annuated mariner served for many years as custodian of the old Atheneum museum. On one occasion a party of excursionists arrived late in the afternoon and wanted to see the collection. As was his custom, the old man took them about the room, explaining the various curiosities and relics. Having concluded the rounds and the visitors showing no signs of

going, though it was then past closing time and his five o'clock "tea" was waiting, he started in again, thinking that a repetition of even a part of his lecture would prove a sufficient hint and have the desired effect. But not so. The visitors drank in his words with the same avidity as before, and apparently expected him to go through it all again. Finally, seizing a big club from one of the shelves, he swung it loosely in his hand as he pattered on: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a genuyne war club used by the savages of the Fiji Islands—I wish to God I was there!"

Chapter X.

EXPRESSIONS AND IDIOMS.

THE Compilers have here undertaken to set down alphabetically some of the more common words, nautical expressions and idiomatic sayings which are characteristic of the Nantucket speech. Many of them are heard elsewhere along the coast, and some are of universal use even far from the sea, but not a few of them are quite peculiar to this section. Every term given will no doubt suggest many others, nd a book could easily be compiled on this one subject; but we have simply jotted down those expressions which have occurred to us, in the belief that even a limited glossary of such terms would be of interest, leaving to others the interesting task of extending the list until it may some time, perhaps, be fairly complete. Some of the words quoted are very difficult to define. Though we have heard them all our lives, and know exactly what they mean when we hear them, there seem to be no synonymns for many of them, and the exact shade of meaning is sometimes difficult to indicate.

A

"Adrift"—Nantucketers use this word constantly in the sense of loose or unfastened; as "a blind on the house got adrift in the gale"; also to ex-

press general disorder as "everything was all adrift."

"Aloft"—High up, or above, as "I'm going aloft (upstairs) to bed;" or "I put the thing up aloft."

"All Sail Set"—Hurriedly; sometimes, fully dressed. "He was going 'all sail set' for home." "She had 'all sail set' for the party."

"Alongside"—Meaning obvious. In very common use.

"Amidships"—The middle

"An Anchor to Windward"—Prudent—prepared to meet an emergency.

"Anchor It"—To put a weight on anything; or secure it so it won't get "adrift."

"Any Port in a Storm"—Meaning obvious.

"Astern"—In the rear of, or behind.

"Astern the Lighter"—Tardy, lagging behind; a lighter being a slow-moving craft used for transferring cargo, to be "astern the lighter" is to be rather a laggard, and the term is used in a contemptuous sense, as "Oh, he's always astern the lighter!"

"Athwart, athwartships (or 'thwartships)"—Crosswise, as "'thwartships of the bench." Speaking of an operation, a Nantucketer said: "they cut him 'thwartships."

"Athwart the bow"—Passing in front of.

"At Loggerheads"—At variance; opposed.

"At Sea"—Uncertain, undetermined; as "I was all at sea as to what to do next." Also, wrong or in error; as "he was all at sea about the matter."

B

"Back of the Rip"—The dangerous shoals and sandbars which surround the island are known as "rips"; the islanders have a way of consigning any annoying person or thing to a point beyond these obstructions to navigation, from which it would be difficult if not impossible to return. Example: "I wish he (or it) was back of the rip!"

"Back and Fill"—To vaccillate, to be unsteady or infirm of purpose.

"Bare Poles"—This term is used to indicate scanty raiment; as, "she was scudding under bare poles."

"Beat"—To tack, to make headway against the wind by changing the course frequently. We do not say "tack to windward," but "beat to windward," though otherwise the two words are practically synonymous.

"Beating or Beating Up"—Tacking, making head against the wind or other adverse conditions.

"Beats the Pattern"—Clever, remarkable.

"Belay"—To hold, to stop, to make fast.

"Below"—Obviously the opposite of aloft, used in the same way, as applying to down stairs or down cellar.

"Berth"—Situation; as, "he has secured a berth with Jones & Co." Sometimes used as a verb to indicate locating oneself comfortably; as, "he berthed at Cousin Sarah's."

"Better Weather"—Easier times, improved conditions, as "let's hope he'll make better weather of it now"; also used as a verb, meaning clears or improves; "there she better-weathers" means that it is clearing up after a storm.

"Bow On"—Head on, face to face, as "I saw him coming bow on."

"Bows Under"—Laboring heavily, as a ship in a head sea.

"Born in the Middle of the Week and Looking Both Ways for Sunday"—A queer old local expression applied to a very cross-eyed person.

C

"Came out of the Bureau Drawer"—(sometimes the top drawer)—Meaning fresh, dainty, clean.

"Carry On"—To be gay or reckless. An imprudent skipper was said to carry on (sail). This term, though originally used in the nautical sense, implying recklessness, has come to be used to express any lively good time, in the sense that the verb to train is sometimes used.

"Cannikin Tub"—A wooden pail, with straight sides, hooped and with a close-fitting wooden cover. The term is an old one, but though in constant use today by Nantucketers, most off-islanders are puzzled by it.

"Chock," "chock-full," "chock-a-block" and "chock-a-block full"—are all nauticalisms in general use, but more commonly used among a seafaring peo-

ple than elsewhere, and Nantucketers employ these various terms on all occasions. Each has its particular shade of meaning when correctly used.

"Clip In"—To run in for a short visit, as "I think I'll clip in to Mary's on the way home." It implies a hurried call, and if the visitor announces that he just clipped in, he is not expected to tarry more than a few minutes.

"Clipper Built"—A well-set-up man or woman is referred to as clipper built—that is, trim, trig and up-to-date.

"Close Aboard"—Very near.

"Close to the Wind"—Hard pressed or hard up, physically, financially or otherwise.

"Cock-billed"—Awry; out of plumb.

"Come About"—To turn round, to change the course, as a ship when tacking against the wind. Much used in a figurative sense by the islanders.

"Come Aboard"—A welcome to the coming guest, or an invitation to a passer-by or a casual visitor to accept one's hospitality.

"Continent, the"—The islander's name for the mainland of North America.

"Coof"—An "off-islander," said to have been applied originally only to Cape Codders.

"Commons"—Unlike most old New England towns, Nantucket never had a Common, but it did have thousands of acres of "commons," that is, undivided lands held in common by the early proprietors

and their successors. Until recent times all the unfenced lands on the island were called "the commons" and it is only since the advent of the summer folks in the last generation that we have come to call them "the moors," which, by the way, is said to be a misnomer, as they are not moors at all in the true meaning of that word, but rather heath lands or heath.

"Cornstarch Airs"—Stiff, formal manners.

"Course and Distance"—Mean much to the islander, and are constantly employed in conversation. To say that a boat or a vessel was a mile to the south'ard headed nor'west tells the story in a word. So, when speaking of meeting an acquaintance, he says "he was headed to the east'ard when I saw him." A boy applying for the loan of a saw was told by the owner, an old mariner, "head right through that door, port your helm, haul to the south'ard about ten foot, and you'll find it hung on a nail about hand-spike high." The lad, being island-bred, found the saw. The stranger is directed to a certain house as on the north, east, south or west side of the street, and is expected to find it without a compass. At one of the old-time "huddles," (as dancing parties were then called) the prompter leaned over the rail of the suspended band-stand and shouted in perfect time to the music: "Chassez a little to the north'ard, and shet that door!" The door was promptly closed by one of the dancers, and the wintry draught shut out.

"Craft"—This word is often given a personal application. Respect or contempt are expressed by such terms as "She's quite a craft," or "He's a poor craft." Eccentricity is implied in the term "a queer craft."

"Cruise"—A word in very common use, both as a verb and as a noun, being in either case pronounced with the sharp s sound, as if it were spelled "crooce." Any outing or vacation trip is called a cruise, and we speak of cruising about town, out west'ard way, or "just down-along."

"Cut of His Jib"—General appearance, physique, clothes, and general get-up. By this do we judge of a person, and "size him up."

D

"Dandy Funk"—A sailor's pudding—see sub-title "Tid-bits," following this list.

"Doctor, the"—the name by which the cook is always known at sea.

"Douse the Glim"—To put out the light; not local, but one of the slang nautical terms which still lingers.

"Down Along"—Many Nantucketers, when asked as to where they are bound, reply "Oh, jest down along." No one has ever been able to locate just where this popular destination is located. The North Shorer, the Upper Main Streeter, or the Chicken Hiller means when he uses it, that he is going down town. The Newtowner gives it the

same meaning, but he also uses it to express a port in the opposite direction, as when he heads for home. The Under-the-Banker also uses it to indicate both up town and down town. We have always heard of people who were going there, but we never knew any one to arrive. "Up-along" is sometimes heard, but much less frequently.

"Down by the Head"—A vessel loaded heavily forward, so as to put her bow too deep in the water, is said to be "down by the head" and the expression is sometimes applied to a person bowed by age or infirmity.

"Drifting or Drifting Round"—Going aimlessly from place to place, with no definite destination.

"Draws Lots of Water"—Influential, substantial, of some importance.

E

"Ease Off"—To give way slowly, as in argument.

"Even Keel"—Upright. This expression is very frequently used by the native islanders, and in such manner as the following: Passing a well-filled bowl of liquid to another, the housewife may be heard to say, "Now keep it on an even keel, so's not to spill." Or referring to some unstable thing: "I had hard work to keep the thing on an even keel."

"Everything Drawing"—Making the best possible progress in any enterprise. It conveys the idea that, whatever a person may be doing, he has called

to his assistance every available factor to facilitate his work, as the mariner trims every sail so that it may best catch the breeze and "draw."

F

"Fair Wind"—In wishing well a parting guest, one says, "A fair wind to you." It is used also in speaking of a streak of luck, as "he struck a fair wind."

"Fall To"—To begin work; often, to begin eating a meal.

"Fare"—The total catch, as "a big fare of fish."

"Fast"—Attached. The whaleman and fisherman get fast to whale or fish, while if one's clothing is caught in some projection, it is referred to as "got fast to an old spike" (or whatever the offending projection may have been). The term "make fast" is to suggest attaching boat, horse, anything to some stable object.

"Fathom"—To understand, grasp the meaning or to penetrate the sense of.

"Figure Nine with the Tail Cut Off"—That is, nothing; of no account or consequence.

"Fin Out"—"All in," as we say nowadays. A dying whale rolled over and showed his fin. So the whalemen used to say, when a man was very sick or badly hurt, "he was pretty nigh fin out."

"First"—Eager, anxious; as "he was quite first to go

the voyage." This is a curious and, apparently, quite local use of this word.

"Flax"—To gad about, to hustle, as "flax around and get something on the table for dinner."

"Fleet"—To move, especially to move over, to change the position of.

"Foopaw"—A bungling job; to make a foopaw of a thing is to make a mess of it. Said to be a corruption of the French *faux pas*, picked up from the French whalers in the Pacific.

"Fudge"—To bother, to fool or "bamboozle."

G

"Gally"—To frighten, to terrify; more often used in the perfect participle from "gallied," meaning nervous, uncertain as to what to do next, "rattled"—applied to a whale when alarmed.

"Galley"—The sailor's name for the cook-house aboard ship; often applied to the kitchen of a house.

"Galley West"—An odd sailor's expression, often heard, but the origin of which is obscure. To strike or hit a thing so as to demolish it or knock it over is to "knock it galley west." The galley doubtless refers to the cook-house. But why west rather than east, or any other point of the compass?

"Gam"—A social visit and talk. Originally this term was applied to a school of whales, and its use by the whalemen is doubtless derived from that source. Whaleships meeting at sea, often hove

to, and the captains would visit back and forth during the time the ships were in company. Under certain conditions the crews were allowed the privilege also. The word was used both as a noun and as a verb, and it is still very frequently heard among Nantucketers. One says, "I met so-and-so today, and we had a grand gam together," or "we gammed for an hour or more."

"Get the Drift"—To catch the meaning of; also to get in touch with latest news and gossip, as "I'm going down town to get the drift."

"Gingerbread Cut the Right Way"—Is an old-time expression denoting that some matter has been satisfactorily settled for the person under consideration.

"Go Ashore to Windward"—Said of a person who would go wrong with no excuse.

"Going by the Board"—Neglected, decaying, dilapidated; a building, a boat, a road, or a business which is not looked after and taken care of is said to be "fast going by the board."

"Gone to Bottom"—When a Nantucketer drops a thing, he is apt to speak of it as having gone to bottom.

"Greasy Luck"—To wish a whaleman greasy luck meant to wish him a good voyage, with plenty of oil; hence the Nantucketer uses it in well-wishes to his friends in any proposed venture. To say on

parting, "Well, greasy luck to you!" is to say "bon voyage!"

"Greenhorn"—An inexperienced person, a "tenderfoot."

"Gunwale Deep"—(pronounced "gunnel deep")—Heavily loaded, that is, loaded to the gunwale, the upper edge of the side of a boat.

H

"Hail"—To call or speak to, as "I was going by and he hailed me." In very common use on the island in this sense. Also used as a synonymn for "come" in such expressions as "Where do you hail from?"

"Half Seas Over"—Half drunk.

"Hatch"—Applied to any trap door, or a door at the head of a flight of stairs.

"Hatches Battened Down"—All secure and tightly closed to keep the wind and rain out.

"Head Boat"—First, in the lead; used in a complimentary sense, as "he was usually head boat;" or perhaps sarcastically, as "oh, she always wants to be head boat."

"Home Port"—The place where one lives; much used among the island folk.

"Head Wind"—Reverses or difficulties to be overcome, as "he's having a head wind getting his hay in."

"Heave"—This verb is used in its various forms, in the sense of throw or cast.

"Heave To"—To come to a stop; in the perfect participle form, "hove to," it means stationary, at a standstill.

"Heave in sight"—To come into view.

"Heave your Anchor Short"—Get ready to go; as the hour grows late, and it's time to go home, father says "Come, mother, heave your anchor short." This does not mean to start at once, but to get wraps, etc., and prepare for departure.

"Hitch"—This word has many uses, both as noun and verb, and is indispensable to the islander's vocabulary. In addition to its more common uses, he speaks, perhaps, of the next hitch, meaning the next attempt,or of a hitch (a delay or obstruction) in the proceedings. To "hitch along" is to move over. It is also used to imply making fast.

"Hoist"—Most old Nantucketers prefer this word to either lift or raise. They "h'ist" the basket on to the table, the box into the cart, and even the food to the mouth. The word has another odd use, in a sort of a perverted sense, meaning a fall, as "the staging gave way, and he got a bad h'ist." There seems to be no explanation of this use of the term.

"Hooked In"—Walking arm in arm. In the old days an unmarried couple seen on the street "hooked in" were supposed to be engaged, and the gossips would say "oh, they must be engaged, for I saw them on Main street hooked in."

"Hot Water and Ashes to Leeward"—To understand that leeward (pronounced looard) is the direction in which the wind is blowing, is sufficient explanation of this old phrase borrowed from the sailors.

"Hull Down"—Just showing above the horizon, as the masts and sails of a ship; hence to see only the head and shoulders or the upper part of a person's body above a fence, a hedge or a snow bank, is to see him "hull down."

I

"In Charge of the Ship"—Applied to anyone upon whom responsibility rests during the absence of the owner or boss. It is often used in defining the duties of a care-taker.

"In the Doldrums"—Making no progress; hence dull, listless, perhaps sulky and dissatisfied. The Doldrums is the sailor's name for that part of the ocean near the equator, where, at certain seasons, the winds are light, variable and baffling, with calms and squalls interspersed, and little progress can be made by a sailing ship.

"In the Suds"—In the thick of things, especially in a social way, as "oh, she's right in the suds."

"It Takes a Voyage to Learn"—Equivalent to "experience is the best teacher." This is often quoted as an excuse for mistakes or inefficiency due to inexperience.

J

"Jadehopper"—A curious old word applied to a lewd or vicious woman, or sometimes to one who is only mischievous and lively.

K

"Kettle Halyards," or sometimes "Kitchen Halyards"—refers to domestic duties, especially of a culinary nature or work in the kitchen. In the absence of the mother, a child was often left to "tend the kettle halyards."

"Keel Out"—Literally, of course, upside down, but used to express illness, as "I've been keel out for a week with the grip."

"Know the Ropes"—To be familiar with anything or well posted. See reference in Chapter II—"Sea Yarns and Sayings."

L

"Laboring Oar"—The heavy part of the work; a person who does more than a fair share, as compared with his fellows, is said to "pull the laboring oar."

"Land"—As a verb, to disembark, or to bring to the shore, as "he landed a hundred fish today."

"Last Out the Voyage"—Sufficient for the time set.

"Late On the Tide"—Delayed, belated.

"Lay"—A share, a percentage. All whaling voyages were conducted on the profit-sharing basis, each man interested, from the owners and captain down

to the greenhorn and boy, getting a proportionate part of the proceeds. The word has lingered in common use in the island speech.

"Lay of the Land"—The existing conditions and circumstances. To get the lay of the land is to get posted and acquaint one's self with all the conditions.

"Lee Day"—An open or free day, with no special job on hand.

"Lee Set"—A low bank of clouds to leeward—sometimes presaging a storm.

"Loaded to the Bow Thwart"—The bow thwart (the cross-seat of a boat) being higher above the water line than the others, a boat loaded to that point was filled to its reasonable capacity, though not, perhaps, quite "gunwale deep." As used by the islanders it means heavily loaded.

"Lobscouse"—A sailor's dish—see sub-title "Tid-bits," following this list.

"Long-sparred"—A person with long limbs.

"Lower"—As the old-time Nantucketer "h'ists" most everything, rather than raising or lifting it, so he lowers, rather than handing down or dropping a thing.

M

"Marriageable"—The use of this word in a certain sense by Nantucketers seems to be rather unique. A woman speaks of some article of wearing appar-

el, furniture, or household decoration as her "marriageable," meaning that the dress was a part of her trousseau, or that the table or picture was a wedding present. Examples: "Jane has kept her marriageable dress all these years, and her daughter will be married in it;" or "that bureau was a marriageable present from my aunt."

"Masthead"—Any point high up, out of reach. If a spring roller shade winds itself to the top of the window, the housewife says, "Well, that's gone to masthead." Anything very high up is said to be "masthead high."

"Melzer"—A sailor's dish. See sub-title "Tid-bits," following this list.

"Mess"—Enough for a meal—As a mess of clams, or a mess of birds. When such commodities are scarce they say, "it's hard to get enough for a mess." The word is also used to describe certain dishes for the table, as "I'll fix up a mess for dinner," that is, make a chowder or a stew.

"Miss His Reckoning"—To lose one's way, to miscalculate, to make a mistake.

"Misstay"—To make a mistake.

"Muckle"—To work hard under adverse conditions, as "he muckled away at it till he finally got it right;" also to bother or disturb, as "don't muckle me now."

N

"Navigate"—This word is employed to express progress by any means of locomotion, walking, riding,

driving, etc. Bad walking is called "bad navigating", and vice versa.

"Needs to Eat a Piece of Mad Dog"—Is an ancient and expressive term applied to a slow-going, stupid person.

O

"Odd as Huckleberry Chowder"—Is an expressive localism used as a simile for extreme eccentricity.

"Off"—An abbreviation of "off-island," is very frequently heard. One often hears such a remark as "I haven't seen you lately. Have you been Off?" Still more odd is the expression "when did you come On from Off?"

"Off and On"—This very common expression wherever the language is spoken is undoubtedly of nautical origin, meaning to steer a course first away from and then toward the land. It may frequently be heard here in its original sense, as "cruising off and on."

"Off-Island and Off-Islander"—Words in constant local use, and of too obvious a meaning to require definition.

"Off-Soundings"—In deep water. One who gets beyond his capacity in an argument is said to be off-soundings, that is, he can't "touch bottom."

"Old Coot"—A rather disrespectful name for an old person, as "there were a lot of old coots there."

"Old Town Turkey"—The Nantucketer's name for any resident of Martha's Vineyard; from the town of

Edgartown, which was formerly known as Old Town.

"On Deck"—Alert, prepared, ready for anything.

"On the Stocks"—In process of completion, as "I've got a job of work on the stocks." On the hooks has much the same meaning.

"On the Ways"—Is used more to imply illness or disability from any cause, that is, "on the ways for repairs."

"Over the Bay"—Another name for intoxicated.

"Over the Bulge" (or Bilge)—The crisis passed; used especially to denote the successful accomplishment of the hardest part of a job or duty.

P

"Pass, the"—People on the street. All Nantucketers enjoy "watching the pass."

"Pernickety"—A survival of old English speech, meaning fussy, particular, especially about trifles.

"Petered" or "Petered Out"—Used up; exhausted.

"Piggin"—Another good old word, still used to some extent. It means a small wooden tub, with hoops, and one stave projecting above the rim to form a handle; used as a receptacle for flour, meal or other material. It differs from a cannikin tub, in having the long stave and no cover.

"Plain Sailing"—A nautical expression in general use everywhere, meaning good, easy going.

"Polpisy"—Countrified, outlandish; a very old local term, dating back to a time when the people of that suburb were, perhaps, less in touch with the civilizing influences of the island's metropolis than at present. "Don't act Polpisy!" was said to a child who was awkward and ungainly.

"Port"—The left-hand side; very much used by Nantucket men and boys. Also, as a noun, to indicate a place or locality, as the last, next or home port.

"Put Out"—To start; same as "set sail" or "get under way."

Q

"Quint"—An abbreviation of quintessence; applied to a "pernickety" old maid; from a local saying describing such a person, "she's the quintessence of old maid stewed down to a half pint." The corresponding adjective is "quinty."

R

"Rantum Scoot"—A term, we believe, peculiar to Nantucket, and very old. It means a day's "cruise" or picnic about the island, usually a drive, but it might be on foot. The distinctive feature of such an excursion is that the party has no definite destination, but rather a roving commission, in which respect such a trip differs from a "squantum" (which see later). "Rantum" is probably a corruption of random.

"Rig, Rig Out, Rig Up," etc.—These terms are constantly used by the islanders, in common with

most seafaring folk, as substitutes for other words expressing the same meaning in use elsewhere, such as fix, arrange, prepare, make ready, etc.

"Running Before the Wind"—To be favored by luck, as of a sucessful man it may be said "he's running before the wind now all right."

S

"Sat in the Butter Tub"—Said of one who has fallen into good luck, especially of one who has married well; an expressive phrase, to say the least.

"Scrabble"—Formerly used to express hustle and haste.

"Scrap Islander"—The name applied to a Nantucketer by the people of Martha's Vineyard.

"Scud"—To hurry, to move quickly. A nauticalism much used in general conversation.

"Seeing the Look"—Noting a family resemblance; usually applied in the case of children to parents or to other ancestors. We speak of seeing the "Folger look" or the "Starbuck look."

"Set Sail"—To start, to depart, to "get under way." It is not in the literal or formal use of these terms that our interest lies, but in their every-day figurative use, as "it's time to set sail for home," or, on the occasion of a picnic or a cruise, "there were so many things to do we didn't 'set sail', or 'get underway' till the middle of the forenoon."

"She Rig"—A contemptuous term, reflecting on the

weaker sex, applied to anything which is not properly made, set up or put together—in direct opposition to

"Ship Shape"—Implying masculine skill and efficiency. "Everything ship-shape" means all in perfect order and condition.

"Shooler"—The old English verb "shool" is rarely heard, but its derivative, "Shooler" is still used occasionally, and is applied to any one who likes to roam about the shores or over the commons in search of a "mess" or a "voyage" of fish, clams, berries or game, or for any other object.

"Sign Articles"—To make an agreement or contract of any kind.

"Skimming Slicks"—Securing the full limit of return from any effort. A "slick," as used by the islanders, refers to the smooth, oily patches often seen on the sea over a school of blue-fish, mackerel or other surface-feeding fish, and which exudes from the small fish or "bait" on which the school are feeding. The full significance of this term will be recognized if one stops to think of the labor necessary to skim the slick and get all there is in it.

"Skoodle"—To squat or crouch down; rarely heard now, though in common use fifty years ago.

"Slatch"—A good English word, though somewhat old-fashioned; literally an interval of good weather in an otherwise stormy period; but Nantucketers use

it also to express a brief respite from labor or duty. An old-time Nantucket housewife, in making a neighborly call during the forenoon, might have said: "I had a little 'slatch' in my work, so I thought I'd leave Melinda to 'tend the kettle halyards', and 'clip in' for a few minutes."

"Slurrup"—A shiftless, untidy woman; a slattern. The adjective "slurrupy" was also used to describe such a person

"Snivver"—Here's a queer word, still used occasionally. One says "I'll be over to your house snivver dinner." The presumption is that the speaker means "as soon as ever I have had my dinner." A good definition would be: immediately after. We have been unable to find any record of the use of this odd term off-island.

"Sound"—To inquire into or about, to investigate, as "I'll sound him, and see how he feels about it," or "You'd better sound it carefully before deciding" Often used also with the word "out," as "we'll sound it out first."

"Speak"—To communicate with; used in its nautical sense, this verb is always in a transitive form. Not speak with or to a person, (as in the ordinary sense) but to speak him or her (with no intervening preposition). As one ship speaks another on the high seas, so one Nantucketer speaks another on the street. As distinguished from "hailing"—the latter implies distance between the speaker

and the speakee, which is not necessarily the case in "speaking".

"Spell Set"—Difficult to define exactly; an islander, delayed by annoying circumstances from accomplishing any object in view, will say there was a "spell set" against him. It would seem to have some connection with the tides.

"Spitting Image"—A rather inelegant term, implying a striking resemblance, as of a child to a parent; but why "spitting" no one seems to know.

"Splice the Main Brace"—Old English nauticalism for taking a drink; always understood, afloat or ashore, by the bibulous brotherhood.

"Squantum"—Doubtless of Indian origin; the Nantucketer's name for a party outing or picnic—differing from a "rantum scoot" (see before) in that a squantum usually implies some definite destination for the cruise.

"Square the Yards"—To settle up, to balance an account.

"Stand Off"—To keep away, to avoid; as a ship stands off from the shore; "stand-offish" is much used as an adjective to imply exclusiveness.

"Steer Clear"—To shun, to avoid, to keep away from, to avoid colliding with; one of those nautical expressions which is in universal use ashore.

"Stingaree"—A name given to an annoyingly persistent person.

"Strange Sail"—Any stranger within our gates is so referred to.

"Straight Wake"—A bee line; as "the lad made a straight wake for home."

'Struck by a Squall"—Demolished or wrecked by the elements or by any accidental means; anything which is in a tumbledown, dilapidated condition is said to look as if it had been struck by a squall.

"Struck with the Dry Wilt"—A person who looks seedy from illness or other cause is referred tc as looking as though he was struck with the dry wilt.

T

"Tack"—To progress in an uneven course, as a boat or vessel against a head wind.

"Tack Ship"—The same as tack, but often used like "come about" to indicate a change of course.

"Talking Tacks Aboard"—Loquacious, verbose.

"Tall as the Mainmast"—Said of a very tall person.

"Taken Aback"—Surprised, astonished, dumbfounded; from a ship catching the wind on the wrong side of its sails, when it is said to be "taken aback."

"Take in Slack"—To gather in the loose end; hence to render minor assistance in any operation.

"Taking a Lunar"—To look about, to observe conditions from the maritime custom of taking a lunar observation. Many old Nantucketers step outdoors every night and "take a lunar" before "turning in."

"There She Blows"—The lookout's cry on sighting a whale; hence often used by people of a whaling community like ours to denote the first sight of a thing.

"There She Breaches" (breaks water) "there she white waters," "there goes flukes" (the tail), etc.—all these various cries of the lookout, as he watched the whale while preparations were being made for its pursuit, are quoted by the old-timers on the least provocation when any of them can be made to fit the occasion.

"This Latitude"—This vicinity or neighborhood. Meeting an acquaintance in some unaccustomed part of the town, the islander asks, "What are you doing in this latitude?" or "Aren't you out of your latitude?"

"Three Sheets in the Wind"—Still another name for drunk.

"Tivis"—To wander aimlessly about.

"Top Up Your Boom"—Get ready to go; from the custom of hoisting on the topping-lift of a fore and aft sail, before hoisting the sail itself.

"Turn In and Turn Out"—The sailor's universal terms for going to bed and getting up. Most island men and boys prefer this form to "retire" and "rise."

"Traipse" or "Trapes"—One of the survivals from old-time speech, meaning to gad or gallivant on the street. (See same under "Some Queer Words We Use" at end of this list).

"Trim"—To load evenly, as a good sailor would "trim" a boat. Also, neat, natty.

"Trim Sail"—To so order affairs as to meet conditions —as to "trim sail according to your means," that is, to buy only as you can afford.

"Two Lamps Burning and No Ship at Sea"—An old saying used as a rebuke for extravagance of any kind.

U

"Under Way"—Moving, getting headway on; sometimes written (incorrectly, we think) under weigh.

"Under the Window"—By, at or beside the window seems to be preferred by off-islanders, but your true Nantucketer still sits "under" the window, and "watches the pass."

V

"Voyage"—To the old-time resident every expedition is a voyage, and whatever results from the voyage is also a voyage. The term, so used, has come down from the whaling days, when the number of barrels of oil secured determined whether it had been a good or a poor voyage. So today, if one goes clamming, fishing, hunting or berrying, the result of his efforts is the "voyage", and on his return, he is asked, "What kind of a voyage have you had?" or "Did you have a good voyage?"

"Veer and Haul"—To "back and fill", to vaccillate, like a changeable wind.

W

"Wadgetty"—Fidgety; nervous.

"Watch the Pass"—A never-failing source of enjoyment to a true Nantucketer. Fortunate is he (and especially she) who lives on one of the main avenues of travel, where the opportunity for this diversion is greatest.

"Watcher"—One who sits up at night with a sick person, and attends to his or her wants. In the old days there were no trained nurses, and, anyway, a nurse had to do only with babies, or possibly with children. The invalid was usually cared for by a member of the family during the day, but at night a "watcher" (sometimes hired, but more often a volunteer) came in and took charge. After a death, a watcher always sat up with "the remains" each night until the funeral.

"Weather"—This word had several meanings in addition to its ordinary significance. As an adjective, it meant "windward," as the "weather bow," or the "weather side" of anything. As a verb it meant to get safely by, as, of a sick person, "if he weathers the night, he may pull through;" or, in a financial sense, "if he weathers this year, he may succeed in the end," etc.

"Weather Eye Peeled"—Alert, on the watch.

"When the Spirit Moves"—A Quaker term. No one was supposed to "speak in meeting" unless the Spirit moved. Hence Nantucketers use the term

to indicate that they will do a thing when or if the Spirit moves, that is, when or if the inspiration comes.

"Where Do You Hail From?"—What is your "home port" or place of residence?

"Whick-Whack"—To dash hither and yon, as "He was whick-whacking back and forth, from house to barn and from barn to house, all day."

"Whittle"—To annoy, to tease, to pester; also sometimes to be nervous and uneasy (see same under "Some Queer Words We Use", at end of this list.)

"Wide Berth"—Plenty of room; to give a person or a thing a wide berth is to shun or avoid him; to keep well away from.

"Wilcox"—To pass a restless, uneasy, sleepless night. The expression "I wilcoxed all night long" is often heard even now. (See same under "Some Queer Words We Use", following this list.)

"Wild as a Tuckernuck Steer"—Wild, harum-scarum. Many beef cattle were formerly raised on Tuckernuck, and their antics, when brought into the gay metropolis of Nantucket town, probably gave rise to this expression.

"Wild Fowl Flavor"—Tasty and appetizing food was said to "have a real wild fowl flavor." The dish in question might be a pie or any kind of food, but the expression was used in a complimentary sense, meaning good, "moreish."

Weather Sayings.

Mark Twain says somewhere, speaking of the weather, that it's a thing we are always talking about, but nobody ever seems to do anything about it. Could Mark have spent a winter on Nantucket, he might have thought there were times when we talked of little else; and with reason, perhaps, for it is a matter of vital consequence to us and to all our interests. Many Nantucketers specialize on the subject. The first thing they do on rising in the morning is to "take an observation." Breakfast has no interest for them till they have looked at the thermometer, the barometer, the nearest weather vane, and the sky overhead This done, plans for the day may be considered. There is much weather lore among them. Any old-timer can predict the weather for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours ahead; and sometimes he hits it right, as might naturally be expected. Perseverance will accomplish anything.

In former times there were many wise saws concerning the weather, and some of them are still current among the islanders. Yet it is a curious thing that if one starts out to make a collection of such sayings, he cannot find anyone who can remember off-hand more than two or three—usually the same ones. Probably some one has a collection of such sayings, but if so, the compilers have been, up to the hour of going to press, unable to locate it. A few, however, have been jotted down, some of which are known to be very old. It is hoped that if a second edition of this book should ever appear, the list may be greatly extended.

—1899— WEATHERWISE AND OTHERWISE.

From left to right—Fred W. Coffin, Benj. B. Pease, Charles W. Cash, Horace Cash, Judah Nickerson, Orin K. Coffin, Enos Sylvaro, Timothy M. Dunham, Marcus E. Howes, Edward Burdett.

One of the things which every old-time Nantucketer recognizes at sight is the particular kind of a day which is known as a "weather breeder." It is always a perfect day, but not every perfect day is necessarily a weather breeder. It is difficult to describe, and still more difficult, to the uninitiated, at least, to recognize. The saying, "There's always a calm before a storm," is known the world over, and the expression has its counterpart in all languages. It may be applied to a day as well as an hour. Hence the "weather breeder"—a fair, calm day, with a cloudless sky, or at most a few fleecy white wisps far up in the blue, when distant objects stand out clearly, when Pocomo Head and Great Point hang suspended 'twixt sea and sky and even Cape Cod may be visible in mirage. Everything on or near the water is clearly and sharply reflected. The wind is usually, but not always, from the east, for though 'tis said

"When the wind is in the east
'Tis good for neither man nor beast,"

we often have some beautiful weather when the wind is in that quarter—a fact which is, we think, not generally recognized. But, as every perfect day is not a weather breeder, neither is every fair day with an east wind such. The unusual clearness of the air is one of the best signs, for

"The further the sight the nearer the rain."

Toward night there is quite apt to be a "mackerel sky," and every sailor knows

"Mackerel scales,
Furl your sails."

And if this condition is accompanied or followed by "mares' tails," then look out, for

"Mackerel sky and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails."

Now watch the barometer and remember that

"First rise after a low—
Squalls expect and more blow."

When the expected happens, observe it closely, for

"First the wind and then the rain,
Hoist your topsails up again."

But

"First the rain and then the wind,
Topsail sheets and halyards mind!"

If it hauls to the south'ard a bit, and blows hard, be prepared for what is to follow, for

"A nor'wester never dies in debt to a southeaster."

However, take comfort in the fact that, the debt being paid, with interest,

"A howl from the north brings a scream from the east, a whisper from the south, and a song from the west,"

provided, of course, it goes round that way; that is, from north to east, east to south, etc.; but if, on the contrary, the wind "backs," that is, changes in the opposite direction, then you may know that it has all to be done over again, for

"Winds that change against the sun
Are always sure to backward run."

And this never fails, for there can be no settled

weather (if there ever is such a thing in this latitude) until the wind has gone round the right way—that is, with the sun. And to the older islanders it is a well-known fact that there is (almost without exception) a dead calm within twenty-four hours before or after the full of the moon.

A knowledge of these simple rules will enable any land-lubber to set up as a weather prophet with quite as much chance of establishing a reputation as if pickled in brine for three-quarters of a century.

The varieties of weather known to Nantucketers often surprise the inland visitor, who recognizes only two kinds, good and bad. We have fair, good, fine, foul, dirty, nasty, bad, thick, rough, heavy and several other sorts, including "owlish" and "mirogenous." Wind conditions are described as dead calm, stark calm, calm, light, puffy, squally, heavy, single-reef, two-, three- and close-reef breezes, half-a-gale, gale, hurricane, etc.; or a wind may be described as a six or eight-knot-breeze, and so on. Among those to the manner born, a "tempest" means a thunder-storm.

Boxing the Compass.

We have our own names for the points of the compass. Many writers persist in making the sailor man say "nor'east" and "sou'east." None such ever used the words. He does say "nor'west" and "sou'west," but north is "no'the," with a long "o" and a soft "th." Northeast is "no'theast," pronounced the same way (the "no'the" like the verb "loathe.") South is pronounced with the same soft "th" (like "mouth" when used as a verb).

When either north or south is used as an adjective before the noun, however, each takes its ordinary dictionary pronunciation, as a "north wind," or the "south shore." It is only when used without the noun that the long "o" sound in "no'the" and the soft "th" in both words are heard. Thus we say the wind is "out southe," or "about no'the"—never a "no'the wind" or the "southe shore." It is a curious distinction, for which there seems to be no reason except custom itself. Then we have "no-no'theast," and "sou'-southeast," but always "nor'nor'west" and "sou'-sou'west." Writers who wish to apply the local color correctly are urged to study these forms carefully, and not slip up, as most of them do, on such simple matters. "Southe" is sometimes used as a verb, when speaking of the moon, as "when the moon southes;" and the word "easting" is sometimes heard.

Underground Moon.

And we must not let another lunar phase pass unheeded, as a part of the island's weather curriculum—the "underground moon." Here we have a strictly local phase of the orb of night. When the moon makes a change between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, she is classed as an "underground moon," and the claim is made that foul weather is sure to accompany. Careful notes indicate that such conditions do result, but that the rule is not infallible. The *real* "underground" moon is when that heavenly body makes its change between the time of setting and rising, and between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, being at the

time below the horizon—or underground. The real weather-wise Nantucketer holds quite tenaciously to the theory.

TID BITS.

It would be a mistake to fail to preserve here the menu known to whalemen in the early days. It will intensify our respect for our forbears, who as lads were eager to risk all the comforts of home to sail on long voyages, knowing full well what conditions they would be compelled to meet The mess table of those days was in strong contrast to what is served Jack in these days of tinned food-stuffs, and the "tar" of today is better looked after in every particular, through better national and international laws bearing upon his protection.

Lob Scouse.

In the old days Lob Scouse was a prominent feature of the menu of a whaleship. It was a stew of soaked hard tack, pork fat, or "top o' the pot" (grease left after boiling "salt horse"—beef), or any sort of "slush" (sailor's term for grease), boiled with molasses and water.

Potato Scouse

Was the same as above, excepting that potatoes were substituted for hard-tack.

Dandyfunk.

This appears to have been a dish of class on shipboard, made of powdered hard-tack, molasses and water and baked in the oven—evidently a sort of pudding.

Salt Horse

(salted beef) was served twice a week, as was boiled salt pork.

Duff

Boiled in a cloth, was on the menu twice weekly, and one day of the seven gingerbread was served.

Meal and Molasses.

Scalded yellow meal with molasses was served daily, and occasionally salt fish and potatoes.

Whale scraps were occasionally eaten, and porpoise meat, and sometimes fresh fish found place on the festive board; and when they were trying out a whale, advantage was taken of the abundance of hot fat to do more or less frying in the try-pots.

To the whaleman, salt beef was always "meat," while pork was pork. As some preferred one and some the other, a sailor would frequently offer to swap his "meat" for his mess-mate's pork, or vice versa. Whalemen used to say they varied their diet by having salt horse and hard-tack one meal, and hard-tack and salt horse the next, and so on.

Some Queer Words We Use.

To the student of etymology the speech of the Nantucket people offers an interesting field. Here he will encounter many unusual words and expressions rarely found elsewhere outside of the dictionary, and not always there, yet frequently used and perfectly understood by the older generation of islanders.

In an essay entitled "Shakespeare's Americanisms," Henry Cabot Lodge answers some of the English critics who have referred rather slurringly to certain alleged innovations in the mother tongue as "Americanisms," and proves conclusively, by quotations from Shakespeare and his contemporaries, that many of these terms are simply survivals of well-recognized forms which were in common use in the Elizabethan age or even earlier. One such word quoted by Mr. Lodge is "fleet," used as a verb, which he had often noted in Nantucket. The primary definition of this word, according to the Century dictionary, is "to move quickly," but as it survives with us, it is used more in its second sense, "to move over, to move along", or, in the transitive form, "to change the place of." An excellent example is contained in the story of a Quaker minister, who, noting that a considerable part of his scattered congregation occupied the back seats, began his discourse by saying: "Come, fleet for'ard, friends; there's too much weight aft." Curiously enough the Century Dictionary's example is almost exactly similar, to wit: "To fleet aft the crew of a whale boat, that by their weight they may help to keep the head of the boat up when a whale is sounding."

So when some of our hypercritical visitors are inclined to poke a bit of fun at us for using certain "outlandish" words, it may be wiser for them to first consult the dictionary and make sure that the word in question is not some rather choice bit of pure old English speech.

It may be of interest to consider a few of the more common examples of such words, many of which are given in our list of "Expressions and Idioms." Few if any of them could yet be considered obsolete, and the worst that could be said of any of them is that they are more or less archaic. There is space to mention only a few, which we have arranged alphabetically. Almost any old Nantucketer can add one or more to the list, which may thus grow to a long chapter by itself should a second edition of this book ever appear.

"Clip"—A Nantucketer would say, "I'll just 'clip' in to Mary's on the way back." One meaning of the verb clip is to move quickly, and as our use of this term implies haste, or a hurried call, it is doubtless derived from that meaning.

"Coof"—the Century defines as "a lout, a coward." (Scotch). Originally the word was without doubt used in a somewhat contemptuous sense, and to the resident of a prosperous urban community of ten thousand people, such as Nantucket was seventy or eighty years ago, visitors from Cape Cod (to whom the term was originally applied) might well have seemed loutish. Gradually the word came to be applied to any off-islander and lost most of its contemptuous significance, implying only a slight inferiority by reason of the accident of birth elsewhere than on the island. It is a good English word, which is the main point.

"Diddledees"—a curious old word used for pine-needles. This has always been something of a puzzle, but the Century again helps us out: "Diddledees—a

shrub in the Falkland Islands and other Antarctic regions used for fuel." As pine-needles have been used as "kindlings" by the Nantucket people for generations past, may it not be that the word was brought from the Antarctic by the whalers? In the absence of any better explanation of the origin of the term, this theory is advanced for what it may be worth.

"Flax" as a verb. The Century gives as an example "flax around," which is just the way Nantucket people use it, meaning to gad about, or to hustle.

"Fudge"—Long before its use as a noun, applied to a certain kind of candy, our ancestors used this word as a verb, meaning to bother or plague, to fool, or something like the term "bamboozle." There is a story of an old Quaker grocer who sent word to a customer who had complained of the butter he sent her that "it was good butter, and he would not be fudged by women." Another story tells of a Quaker who was asked to sell half of a two-cent pickle for one cent. His reply was, "Thee get along now, thee can't fudge me." There is a dictionary definition, "to prod with a stick," from which the local use of the term may have been derived, but it is a trifle obscure.

"Gam"—Originally "a school of whales," from which it was quite natural the whalemen should have applied it to a social visit between ships, which is one of the Century's definitions.

"Gally"—Though this word has survived principally in the perfect participle form, "gallied," it was also used in the present and other tenses. It is a vari-

ation, recognized in the dictionary, of the good old English verb gallow, to frighten or terrify. "The wrathful skies gallow the very wanderers of the dark."—Shakespeare.

"Meeching"—Is another word often noted. The dictionary gives "skulking, sneaking, mean," which is just the sense we give it in Nantucket.

"Muster"—Not as applied to the military, but to any group or assemblage of people, as "quite a muster," which is a secondary definition of the term in the dictionary, and, we think, rather unusual "off-island."

"Perceive"—No word causes more comment, perhaps, among our visitors than this; not of course the word itself, but the way Nantucketers use it. It is difficult to define the exact shade of difference between our use of the word and that of others. With us it means something more than to see or discern, or even to notice. It means rather to grasp or "take in." For example if one speaks to an old islander, he or she, as recognition dawns, says: "Oh, how do you do! I didn't perceive you at first." It is perfectly obvious that he saw you, but it required something more, the use of some other sense or senses, and possibly some slight lapse of time, to perceive you. In view of this use of the word, the Century Dictionary definition is very interesting: "to become aware of, to have knowledge of." And again "specifically, to come to know through the organs of sense. . . . . When we perceive, the object is actually before us, appealing to various sense organs." Is it not curious that this ex-

act distinction, subtle as it is, should have survived among us, to be frequently remarked upon by outsiders?

"Perceivance"—In a similar sense this word still persists in the speech of Nantucketers. Is it ever heard elsewhere? The dictionary gives an example from Milton: "The senses and common perceivance carry this message to the soul." When a Nantucket woman of the old regime wishes to convey the idea that she scornfully ignored some slighting remark, she says with dignity: "Yes, I heard it, but I took no perceivance of it."

"Pernickety"—When a Nantucket person calls another pernickety, it strikes an outsider as provincial or even as if the word might have been coined for the occasion; but again the Century justifies us as follows: "Pernickety—precise in trifles, fussily particular, especially about dress or trifles,"—which is exactly how we use the term.

"Porch"—Applied to an ell kitchen. A summer cottager who instructed the native man-of all-work to sweep and clean the porch accused him of stupidity when she returned an hour or two later to find her kitchen nicely cleaned, while the veranda remained in the same disorder as when she went out. Each knew what a porch was, but each had something quite different in mind. The word porch is defined as "a covered way or entrance, whether enclosed or unenclosed." In ecclesiastical architecture, where it presumably originated, it describes the covered and usually enclosed entrance built on to a church or cathedral—for all the world, in general outline and appearance, like the ell

kitchen of a typical old Nantucket house, succeeding the "lean-to" in the very old ones. The use of the word as applied to a veranda is modern U. S., and more or less local at that. So the Nantucketer may have been nearer right than his employer. The room over this style of kitchen was always "the porch chamber."

"Scrimshont"—A curious word, of which the original is said to have been scrimshaw. The dictionary defines it in effect as any fine or delicate mechanical work, especially the carving on shells or ivory done by sailors. Many fine examples of "scrimshonting" may still be seen in some of the old Nantucket homes, and the Historical Association has some excellent specimens in its collection.

"Scrouge" is another survival, meaning "to squeeze, to press, to crowd," especially in a financial way, as by a creditor in dealing with a debtor. Did Dickens, perhaps, have it in mind when he named his central character in the "Christmas Carol?"

"Serve"—If a Nantucket woman breaks her broomstick or mop-handle, she fits the pieces together and asks her husband or some other man to "serve" it. If he is a sailor he knows what she means, and he does a wonderfully neat job. He does not need to look in the dictionary, where he might learn that it means "to bind or wind tightly with small cord or marline;" but unless he is a sailor, or has been taught by a sailor, he cannot do it without having at least one of the ends, if not both, showing when the work is finished. It is a fine art when properly done.

"Shool," according to the dictionary, means "to saunter about, to loiter idly"—a favorite pastime with the "shooler," who is a well-known character in the local vernacular.

"Slatch"—A word still in quite common use on the island among the older people. It means "a short gleam of fine weather, an interval in a storm." When caught away from home in a heavy rain, we plan, if possible, to "wait for a slatch" before starting to return. The term is also sometimes used in the sense of a respite from labor, as "I had a slatch in my work, and I thought I'd run over and see you."

"Sliver"—(pronounced with a long "i")—Ask your city fish man to sliver a flounder, a plaice fish or a scup for you, and there's one chance in ten, if he's not an old fisherman himself, that he will know what you mean; yet the dictionary defines it exactly: "to cut each side of a fish away in one piece from the head to the tail, which is the only proper way to clean either of the fish mentioned, as every Nantucketer knows.

"Stir", as a noun—This may be, strictly speaking, less distinctively local than some of the other terms, but it is doubtful if it is used as frequently in this sense elsewhere as here. One says, for instance, "I've been down town, but there isn't much stir." The word means "activity, bustle, movement, action, commotion, excitement"—all of which are included in the thing which is lacking in the sentence quoted.

"Traipse", or "trapes" is another verb which Nantucketers still use frequently in the exact sense au-

thorized by the Century: "To gad or flount about idly." It includes a little of the meaning of both "flax" and "shool" above given, with something added, but it implies something rather less reputable than either of those terms. To say that a woman "traipses" up and down Main street comes dangerously near slander on our island.

"Whittle"—There seems to be no good authority for our use of this word, meaning to fuss, to get uneasy; also, sometimes, to tease, to pester. One says, "Well, it's time to go. Mother'll be whittling." What child of a Nantucket mother hasn't been told, when he had exhausted her patience to the point of exasperation by teasing for something, "Oh, stop your whittling!"

Many other words are less easy to place, though every old Nantucketer will recognize some if not all of them.

"Bungy"—"Where you going?" "I'm going to Bungy." What and where is Bungy? The impression seems to be that the reply is a rather saucy one—almost as if to say, "None of your business."

"Flink"—"I'm going out on a flink," meaning a good time. May it be a corruption of "fling" sometimes used in a similar sense?

"Huddle"—An old-time name for a dance or ball. All the old-timers will recall "Handy's huddles."

"Muckle"—See Expressions and Idioms. Origin obscure.

"Rantum-scoot"—Does it mean to scoot at random? That is the implication of the term, as used. Who knows?

"Skoodle"—To crouch, to squat. There seems to be no authority for this, though long in common use.

"Slurrup"—A slattern; the adjective was "slurrupy." There is a definition (Provincial English) of slur, meaning "mud, especially thin, washy mud." A possible connection suggests itself.

"Strams"—Children; not common, but apparently authentic. Whence came it?

"Wilcox"—Much used in Nantucket formerly, to describe an uneasy, sleepless night. To this day the old folks (and some of the young ones) say: "I couldn't sleep. I wilcoxed all night long." It has been suggested that the term originated with a story of some family named Wilcox who, having an overplus of company one night, slept four or five in a bed, with the natural result that no one slept at all.

Unlike most rural New Englanders, including even Cape Cod coofs, your Nantucketer never "cal'lates," though some writers have made him do so, by implication, in their attempts to reproduce the local dialect. Nor does he, like the Southerner, "reckon." Most assuredly he never, like the Englishman, "fancies." He does sometimes "guess" (which, by the way, is one of the "Americanisms" which Mr. Lodge proves by sever-

al examples has a good Shakespearean origin and authority); but he employs a much more elegant and dignified phrase than either of these. He "presumes likely." That is his particular contribution to the many variations of the word think. He prefaces most of his opinions with the phrase, as "I presume likely the boat will be late tonight;" and if you ask him almost any question requiring anything short of a positively affirmative reply, he answers it: "I presume likely." There is something akin to the Scotchman's well-known reluctance to make any unqualifiedly positive statement in the Nantucketer's use of this phrase, and he keeps it handy for all occasions.

Nantucketers never sit at the window or by the window, but always "under" the window. There is perhaps no phrase which is more often noted in our speech than this, and we who use it are often asked to explain or even to demonstrate just how we sit under the window. The answer is, obviously, that as Nantucket windows are usually rather high from the floor, as we sat by or at one of them, we are under them, just as the wall paper or the baseboard, or even the floor, for that matter, is under them—which only goes to prove that whatever may be said of us, we are never in the wrong. Let him who can prove the contrary.

We might go on indefinitely citing peculiarities of the local dialect, if such a term may be used in this connection; but it would need another book to pursue the subject to its limits, and the limitations of our space forbid. But we cannot close without a word about what is known as "the Nantucket yes marm,"

which, after all, is no more Nantucket than Cape Cod, or anywhere else, for that matter; though we are justly accused of using it more generally and more universally, perhaps, than other people. Though rather informal, it is good English, strange to say. To refer once more to our Century Dictionary, we find "h'm-h'm—a murmur of assent." Nantucketers do not say "h'm-h'm," but "m'm-h'm"—that is, there is no aspirated sound on the first syllable, but only on the second. The lips are kept tightly closed, and the sound comes through the nose. One has only to listen to a modern Nantucketer "murmuring assent" over the telephone to realize how fixed the habit is with all of us.

Chapter XI.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A queer old couplet, sometimes quoted by the old-timers, though no one seems to know how or where it originated:

"First a feast, and then a famine,
And then out on the banks a-clammin'."

That the old-time speech of the island people has not entirely passed out of use, is proved by a comparatively recent experience of a family who were looking for an apartment for the summer. Having hesitated about taking the upper floor of one of the old houses, on the ground that it was not quite large enough for their needs, the lady of the house offered to "heave in a room up garret," which served to clinch the bargain.

Whalers' "Shop Talk."

About the year 1800, a Boston man, on returning from a visit to Nantucket, told his friends that he had never heard of such a barbarous, cold-blooded lot of people as those islanders. When asked to explain, he replied: "Well, I'll tell you a little conversation I overheard on the wharf between two apparently respectable citizens. One said to the other, 'Have you sold

your head?' to which the other replied, 'No, not yet; I've sold my body and my bone, but I'm waiting for a better offer for my head!' "

A Division of Labor.

After the fight between the American privateer Prince of Neufchatel and the boats from the British frigate Endymion, off the south side of Nantucket, during the war of 1812, many wounded men were landed on the island. Among them were two shipmates, one of whom had lost a hand, while the other had been hit in the jaw by a musket ball. Being asked out to dinner with others of their comrades, they both suffered a serious handicap in competition with their more fortunate messmates, who were all too busy to notice their predicament. Finally, he of the one hand addressed him of the broken jaw with, "I say, Jack, you can't grind, and I can't carve, so what do you say to splicing? You cut for me, and I'll chew for you."

That Second-Hand Pulpit.

There are several different versions of this tale, two or three of which have found their way into the Scrap Basket. They vary, however, only as to the store where it happened, and the place where the pulpit came from. The story is that a certain shop-keeper, who shall be nameless, carried such a varied line that it was hard to think of anything which he could not produce. So famous in this respect did the shop become that finally a wager was made between two citizens that one could not ask for anything which the proprietor did not have in stock. Going into the store, the

spokesman said: "We've called to see if you happened to have a second-hand pulpit." "Why, yes," was the reply; "now you speak of it, I believe I have; but I never expected to sell it, and I'd pretty near forgotten I had it. When they took down the old Teazer Meeting House, I bought the pulpit, and I've got it up garret. I'll bring it down." The loser paid his bet, and paid for the pulpit as well, though "he had no more use for it than Nick Meader had for his teeth."

Not Too Much at a Time.

Uncle James's son Theophilus, who was in "foreign parts," wrote a letter to his mother. After the lamp was lighted in the sitting room, she put on her specs, and sat down to read it aloud to the family. After she had read a page or two Uncle James stopped her, saying, "There, that'll do for this time, mother; now put it on the mantel, put the whetstone over it, and finish reading it tomorrow." Being a dutiful wife, she obeyed, and the family had to wait for the second installment.

Twisted.

Reuben Clark, who was famous as a gunner, lived at the foot of Mill Hill. One day a boy saw a fish-hawk light on the topmost point of the mill-vane. Greatly excited, he ran down the hill, banged on the door of the Clark domicile, and yelled: "Reub Gun, get your clark, and shoot the mill-vane on the fish-hawk!"

This reminds us of the time Hiram's pig escaped, when Uncle Isaac, his father-in-law, called out, "Hi-

ram! Hiram! Half a dozen hammers and a board-nail, quick! The pig's under the gate!"

Question Not Debatable.

Richard Macy, father of Zaccheus, had engaged to marry Alice Paddack, a single woman, he being at the time about 80 years old. On telling his son Caleb of his intention, the latter remonstrated on account of his father's great age, whereat Richard told Caleb that he misapprehended the reason for his call; he had not come to consult him or to get his concurrence—he merely came to inform him that he should marry Alice Paddack.

More Good Things from the Inquirer.

This advertisement appeared in the Inquirer of March 11, 1823:

Wanted

"Smart, native, honest Lad of from 12 to 16 years of age, who writes a good hand and is acquainted with figures, to attend in a West India Goods Store. No compensation will be allowed."

What a temptation to an ambitious boy to enter a mercantile life!

The Inquirer of October 5, 1833, quotes the following native poetry, transcribed from a shutter on a local grocery store:

"New Cider Sweat and good
Pleas to trye it if you would
Apples Paires and Peaches too
As good frute as ever grew
Oysters fine as ever you saw
You can have them cook't or take them raw."

Cured of "Playing Sick."

The Mirror of Feb. 28, 1846, tells of an old Nantucket ship captain "now located far away," who, being applied to by a lazy sailor for some medicine, said that he cut up a head of tobacco, steeped it in a pint of black fish oil, administered it, and "put such an injunction" upon the fellow that he never troubled him again.

Rich, but Humble.

There is a story which has been attributed to several different local plutocrats at various times, but the story itself is probably older than some of its alleged heroes. It first appeared in the Worcester Yeoman in November, 1828, and was related as an example of the democracy existing in Nantucket. Some strangers, landing at the wharf, noticed two elderly men with a cart, and at once piled their luggage aboard and ordered it delivered at a certain boarding house in the town. When the cart arrived, the strangers ordered the various articles disposed of according to their wishes, but on asking for the bill, their surprise may be imagined when they were informed that there was no charge for the service and that if any further work of the kind was needed, to call on Mr. —— and Capt. ——. Inquiry soon revealed the fact that the strangers had employed two of the richest men on the island, who seemed to enjoy the joke even more than their employers, who had profited by the service rendered.

Gatherings.

The late John Rand, remembered as an incorrigible joker, was one of the many Nantucket men who enlisted early in the Civil war, going out with the Twentieth Regiment, M. V. M., as a member of Company I. The examining surgeon asked him if he had ever had any serious illness, to which John replied that when he was a boy he used to have "gatherings in his head." Finding no sign of any such trouble he was asked what had been done to cure it. "Why," he replied, "my mother used to treat 'em with a fine-tooth comb!" John was accepted.

Knew the Exact Spot.

"Where did you get such a bad cold?" was asked of a Nantucket man who was obviously suffering in that respect. "Well, I'll tell you where I got it," was the reply. "It was right between John Shaw's house and Roland Folger's shop."

Height of His Ambition.

One day Jake E—— was heard to say: "Wish I had a million dollars." "What would you do, Jake, if you had a million dollars?" "I'd go right down to auction and buy a d—d great piece of corned beef," was the response.

Epitaphs Which Might Have Been.

In an interesting letter to his cousin, Keziah Coffin, Benjamin Franklin suggested these two epitaphs —the first for his parents, and the second for himself. They were printed in The Nantucket Inquirer, January 26, 1824.

Josiah Franklin
And Abiah, his wife,
Lie here interred.
They lived loveingly together in Wedlock
Fifety-five Years
And without an Estate or gainfull Imployment
by constant Labour and honest Industry
With God's Blessing
Maintained a large Family comfortably and
brought up thirteen Children and seven
Grandchildren
Reputably.
From this Instance Reader
be encouraged to Dilligence in thy Calling
And distrust not Providence.
He was a Pious and Prudent Man
She was a diligent and Virtuous Woman
Their youngest Son
In filial Regard to their Memory
Places this Stone—
J. F. born 1655 died 1744
A. F. born 1666 died 1752

The Body of B. Franklin
Printer
Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering and Gilding
Lies here Food for Worms
But the Work shall not be lost
It will (as he believes) appear once more
In a new and more beautiful Edition
Corrected and Amended
By the Author.
He was born Jan. 6, 1706. And
died 17—

Non Persona Grata.

Here is a copy of an official warrant issued by the Selectmen of Sherborn, in 1738:

Nantucket, ss. To the Constables of the Town of Sherborn, or either of them, &c:

Information being made to us, the subscribers, that Marther Broadbrook of the County of Barnstable is landed into this town in order to take up her abode here, which is like to be of ill consequence if not timely prevented:

These are therefore to order you or either of you to warn the said Marther Broadbrook immediately to depart this town or to expect the severity of the law in that case made and provided, and make Return of this order to either of us as soon as may be.

The 22nd of the 6th month, 1738.

Jabez Bunker,
Nathan Folger,
Thomas Macy,
Richard Coffin,
John Macy,
Paul Starbuck,
Ebenezer Barnard,
Selectmen.

On the back of this order is the following endorsement:

Nantucket, Sherborn, August 29, 1738, Pursuant to this warrant this day warned the within Marther Broadbrook. (The signature is illegible.)

A Quiet Hint.

An old-time grocer of the island disliked loafers in his store, and posted the following placard conspicuously:

"Right Man in the Right
Place—
Husband at Home in the
Evening."

A Rhymed Resume.

The following lines, which portray traits of many old Nantucket families, were written by Matthew Barney, and read at the Coffin family gathering and celebration, 1881.

Ho! children of "Scrap Island", hear,
Leave each your avocation;
Come, gather in the old home dear;
Let's have a Celebration.

Two hundred years have passed away,
Since came the pair of Macys,
And from that stock we show, today,
A troop of smiling faces.

Old Tristram Coffin's name we find
A regiment could furnish,
And Mary Starbuck's strength of mind
Lives other minds to burnish.

Come, Rays and Russells, leave your trade,
There's fun for coopers brewing;
Nantucket sons and daughters staid
Old friendships are renewing.

Come, knowing Folgers, 'tis said you need
In labor's line true grit,
So to our invite please take heed,
There's less of work than wit.

Come, Colemans, for the name recalls
Thoughts of the good old preacher;
Tho' seldom found in college halls,
Yet truth's your sterling feature.

Come, Coffins, noisy, fractious, loud,
We can excuse your manner;
Of all the names that homeward crowd
I'm sure yours take the banner.

Come, silent Gardners, slow and sure,
Leave business whilst you're gamming;
If one week's play you can't endure,
We'll find you work at clamming.

Come, quiet, honest Husseys, too,
(From Christopher descended)
We shall not get a speech from you—
Least said is soonest mended.

Come, Mitchells, good, the old rhymes say,
(I suppose it means at writing)
Let's have a poem for the day,
Rich, joyous and delighting.

Come, Barkers, you are rated proud,
We know you have some humor;
Just lend a hand; we'll show the crowd
This gathering's not mere rumor.

Come, Macys, of the good old stock—
The first that trod our shores—
From that good pair has sprung a flock
That's counted now by scores.

Don't fail to come, we do insist:
This is not all a fable,--
We'll put you down upon the list
At the "pudding" place at table.

Come, Swains, 'tis said a grouty set
(Perhaps there is some reason);
You grumble if a chance you get,
Both in and out of season.

Come, Barnards, quiet in your mien,
In general, civil-spoken;
Come, Pinkhams, lay aside your spleen,
Let not good cheer be broken.

Come, Starbucks, ye of Edward's line,
Nathaniel and his Mary,
Wide-scattered 'mong Carolina's pine,
And o'er the western prairie
'Tis said you're cold and rather rough.
Our welcome will be warm enough.

Come, Bunkers, ye of William's stock,
And his young wife Joanna;
When roused, you're stubborn as a rock,
But kind your natural manner.

Come, Paddacks of Ichabod's bold race,
That taught our grandsires whaling;
Come, let a smile light every face,
For soberness is your failing.

Come, honest Chases, rather bluff,
And sometimes prone to fretting.
A whale is sure to cry, "enough,"
If once you get a "setting."

Come, Worths, with notions quaint and rare,
Most taught in Whalemen's College,
Where he is best who'll do and dare,
Tho' lacking in book knowledge.

Come, Jenkins, cold and slow of speech,
Minds of mechanic turn;
Some facts this gathering's sure to teach,
You are not too wise to learn.

Come, Cartwrights, square in thought and act,
More sober-hued than gay,
This gathering is a stubborn fact,
There's time to work and play.

Come, Brooks and Brocks, a sturdy race,
Of old Puritanic stock.
These names have oft held honor's place,
In halls and battle-shock.

Come, Barneys, you of Jacob's line—
The good old Baptist preacher—
Though not of cast of mind to shine,
You have pugnacious feature.

Come, Jones and Gerald, and Jenks, too,
We need you in our array.
We've speeches planned, and songs from you,
And a poem for the day.

Come, Coon and Cash, you have a claim
In valor's line to stand;
Leviathan, the great sea game,
Oft yielded to your hand.

Come, Browns, you have mechanic skill,
But lack in earnest thought—
Come, let your hand and heart and will
To aid this plan be brought.

Come, Myricks, of the old-time stock,
Cool, square, and sharp in trade,
Your thought can pierce through wood or rock
To work out plans you've made.

Come, Joys, 'tis said that you can brag,
(And some we know were able)
We look to you that talk shan't flag,
For that's good sauce at table.

Come, Mooers, of Capt. William's clan,
Who first at mast-head wore
Our stars and stripes, and the first man
To float them at England's shore.

Come, Smiths—you sprang from Capt. John,
Saved by that Indian lassie;
The name hath oft true honor won,
Tho' some are blunt and sassy.

Come, Clarks, perhaps your name you trace
(For surely you may try it)
Back to the old explorer's race;
If so, here's chance to cry it.

Come, Allens, you can trace your name
To dear old Scotia's shore;
Come out your shell, don't be so tame,
We'll make old golden roar.

Come, Meaders, of the old-time folks,
We ask your strong arms' aid;
Our call is real and no joke—
Here may be a chance to trade.

Come, Eastons, you're from Rhody's Isle,
Though earnest, have your doubt;
You'll find a pleasure worth you while—
Come, aid to bring it out.

Come, Baxters, maybe of Richard's line,
Of old covenanter's fame,
Here's chance for smile if you incline,
Or be in joke the game.

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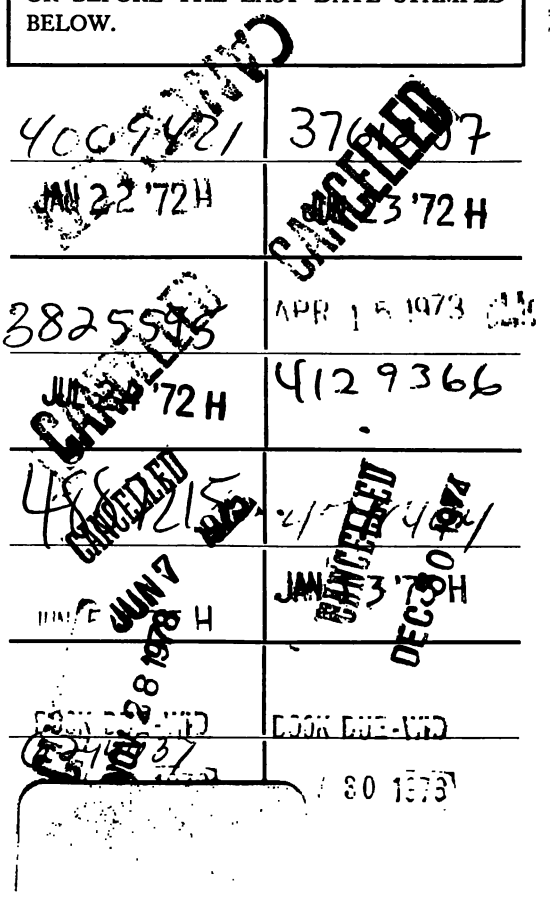

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